v.18/12 2077

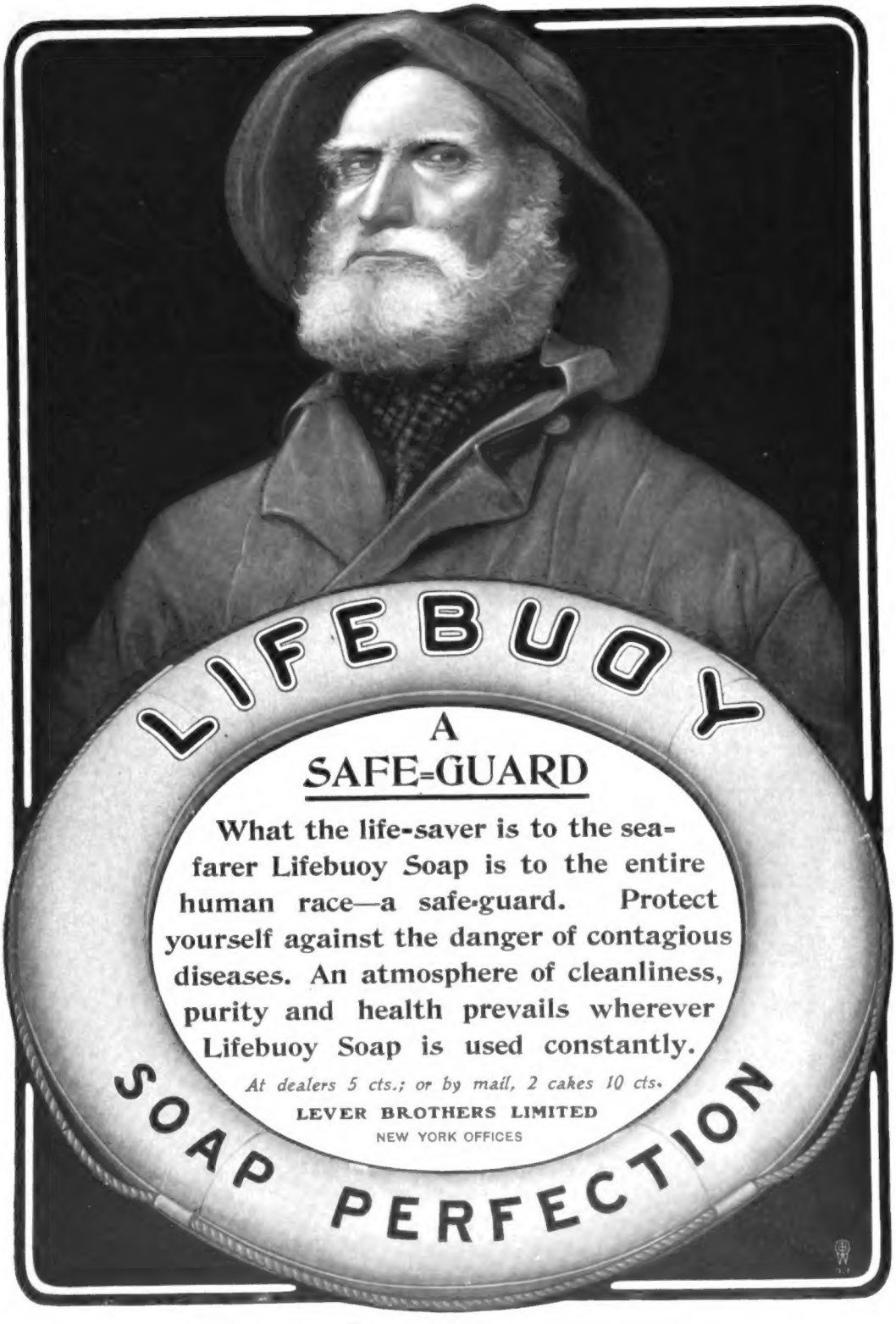
January 1903 Price 10 cents

Everybody's Magazine

Holiday Number

John Wanamaker Publisher

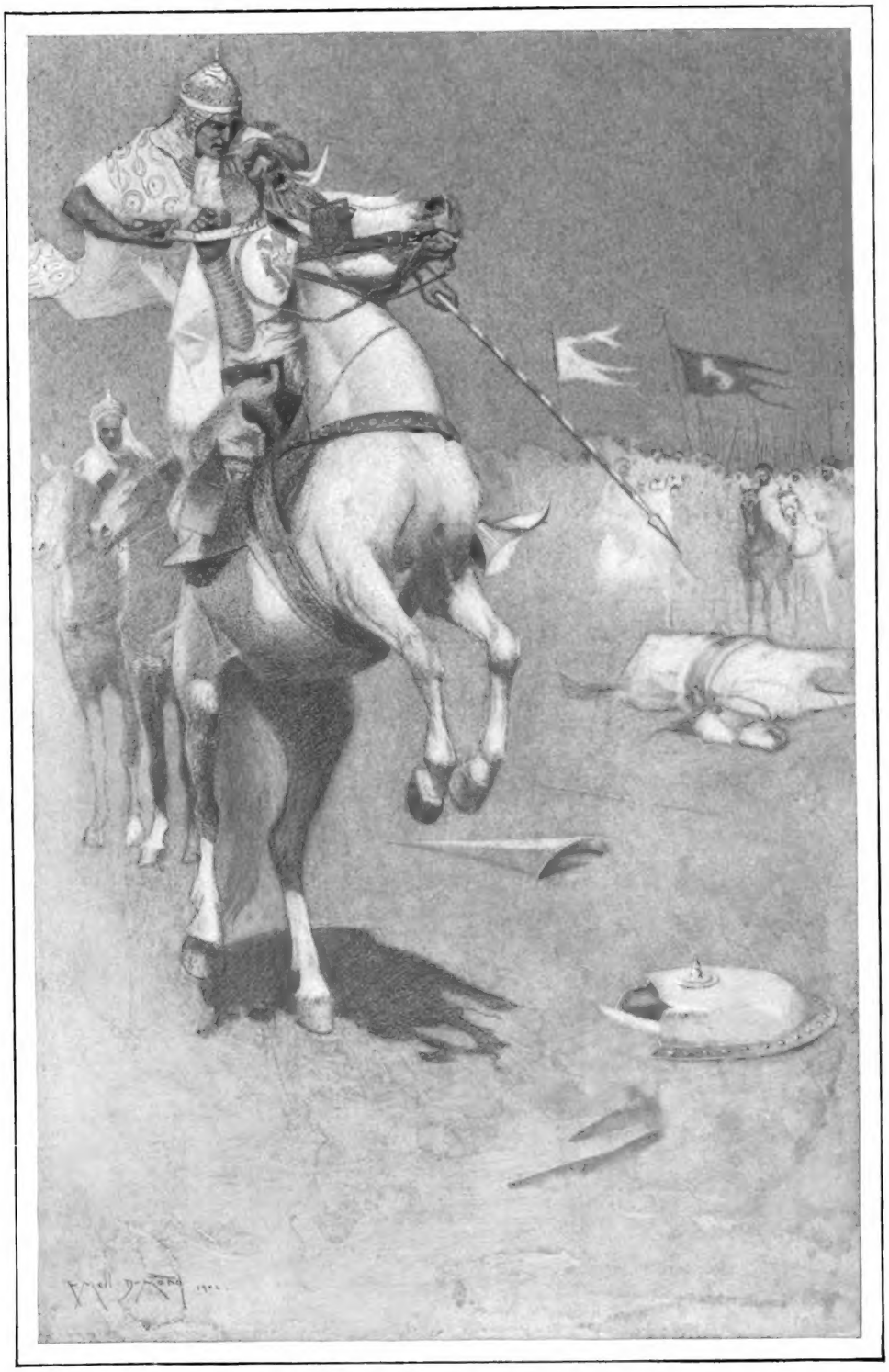
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


LIFEBUOY
A
SAFE-GUARD
What the life-saver is to the sea-farer Lifebuoy Soap is to the entire human race—a safe-guard. Protect yourself against the danger of contagious diseases. An atmosphere of cleanliness, purity and health prevails wherever Lifebuoy Soap is used constantly.
At dealers 5 cts.; or by mail, 2 cakes 10 cts.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
NEW YORK OFFICES
SOAP PERFECTION

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



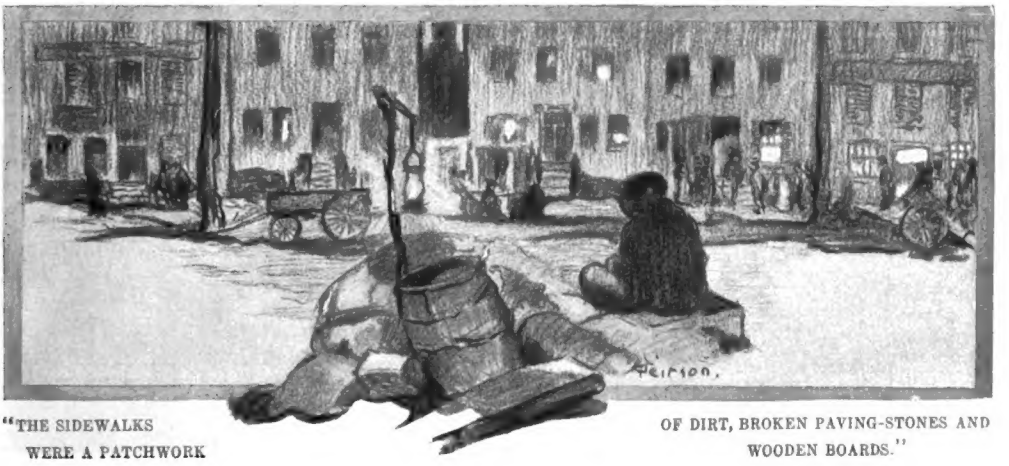
"'I AM THE AVENGER OF SHUMUL.'"

Illustrating "Sul and Shumul."

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL VIII. JANUARY, 1903. NO. 1.



"THE SIDEWALKS WERE A PATCHWORK OF DIRT, BROKEN PAVING-STONES AND WOODEN BOARDS."

THE WOMAN THAT TOILS.

Experiences of a Literary Woman as a Working Girl.

BY BESSIE VAN VORST.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON.

[The following is an account of the writer's actual experiences while working for purposes of investigation side by side with the factory girls of a great city. It is the last of a series of five articles secured by this magazine, of which two have been written by Mrs. Van Vorst's sister-in-law, Miss Marie Van Vorst, the well-known novelist and daughter of the late Judge Van Vorst, Chancellor of the State of New York.—EDITOR.]

V.—CHICAGO.

ON arriving in Chicago I addressed myself to the ladies of Hull House, asking for a tenement family who would take a factory girl to board.

It was the first day of May. A hot wind blew eddies of dust along the electric car tracks. Down the long, regular streets that stretched right and left there was a broken line of tenements, topped by telegraph wires and bathed in a soft cloud of black soot, falling from a chimney in the neighborhood. The sidewalks were a patchwork of dirt, broken paving stones and wooden boards.

It was late, the sun had set, and only the twilight remained for my search before night would be upon me and I would be driven to some charity refuge.

Before the hour was up I had found a clean room in one street, and board in another. This was inconvenient, but safe and comparatively healthy.

My meals were thirty-five cents a day, payable at the end of the week; my room was $1.25—total, $3.70 a week.

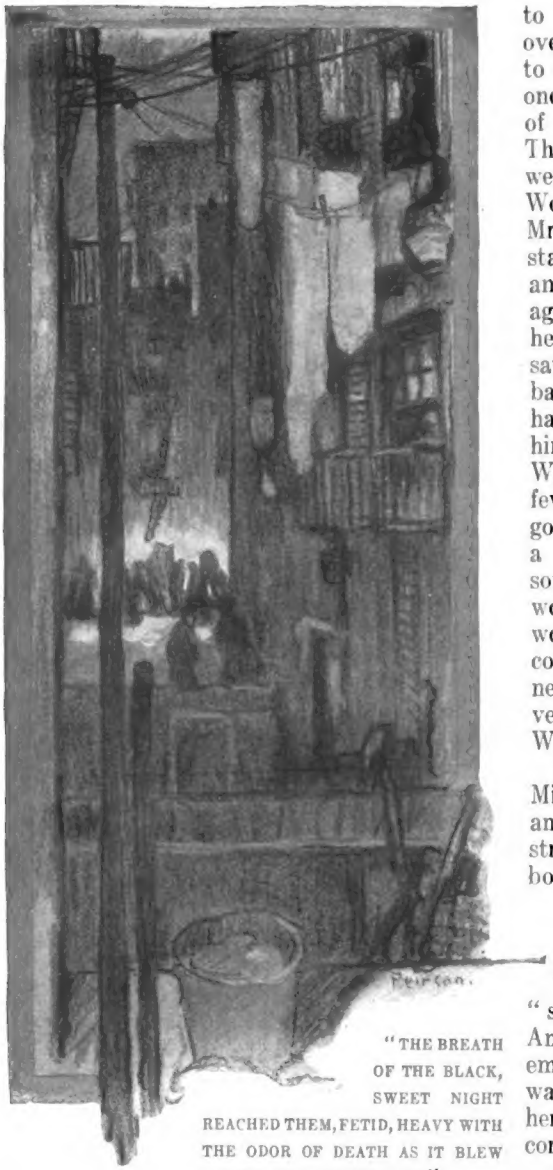
My first introduction to Chicago tenement social life was a supper at Mrs. Wood's.

I could hear the meal sputtering on the kitchen stove as I opened the Wood front door.

Mrs. Wood, combining duties as cook and hostess, called to me to make myself at home in the front parlor. I seated myself on the sofa, which exuded the familiar

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"THE BREATH OF THE BLACK, SWEET NIGHT REACHED THEM, FETID, HEAVY WITH THE ODOR OF DEATH AS IT BLEW ACROSS THE STOCKYARDS."

acrid odor of the poor. Opposite me there was a door half open, leading into a room where a lamp was lighted. I could see a young girl and a man talking together. He was sitting, and had his hat on. She stood near the man, who seemed to be teasing her. Their conversation was low, but there was a familiar cry now and then, half vulgar, half affectionate.

When we had taken our places at table, Mrs. Wood presented us.

"This is Miss Ida," she said, pointing to the blonde girl; "she's been boarding over a year with me; and this"—turning to the young man who sat near by, with one arm hanging listlessly over the back of a chair—"this is Miss Ida's intended." The other members of the household were a fox terrier, a canary, and "Wood." Wood was a man over sixty. He and Mrs. Wood had the same devoted understanding that I have observed so often among the poor couples of a generation ago. This good little woman occupied herself with the things that no longer satisfy. She took tender care of her husband, following him to the door with one hand on his shoulder, and calling after him as he went on his way—"Good-bye, Wood; take care of yourself!" She had a few pets; her children were married and gone; she had a miniature patch of garden, a trust in the church guild—which took some time and attention for charitable works; she did her own cooking and housework. "And," she explained to me in the course of our conversation at supper, "I never felt the need of joining these University Settlement Clubs to get into society." Wood and his wife were a good sort.

But social life was beginning to wear on Miss Ida's intended. He took up his hat and swung along toward the door. I was struggling to extract with my fork the bones of a hard, fried fish. Mrs. Wood encouraged me in a motherly tone: "Oh, my, don't be so formal; take your knife."

"Say," called a voice from the door, "say, come on, Ida; I'm waiting for you." And the blonde fiancée hurried away with an embarrassed laugh to join her lover. She was refined and delicate; her ears were small, her hands white and slender; she spoke correctly with a nasal voice, and her teeth —as is not often the case among this class, whose lownesses seem suddenly revealed when they open their mouths—her teeth were sound and clean.

The man's smooth face was all commonness and vulgarity.

"He's had appendicitis," Mrs. Wood explained, when we were alone. "He's been out of work a long time. As soon as he goes to his job his side bursts out again where they operated on him. He ain't a bit strong."

"When are they going to be married?" I asked.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Oh, dear me, they don't think of that yet; they're in no hurry."

"Will Miss Ida work after she's married?"

"No, indeed."

Did they not have their share of ideal, then, these two young laborers who could wait indefinitely, fed by hope, in their sordid, miserable surroundings?

I returned to my tenement room. Its one window opened on a narrow alley, flanked on its opposite side by a second tenement, through whose windows I could look and see repeated layers of squalid lodgings. The thermometer had climbed up into the eighties. The wail of a newly born baby came from the room under mine. The heat was stifling. Outdoors, in the false flickering day of the arc lights, the crowd swarmed on the curb, on the sidewalk, on the housesteps. The breath of the black, sweet night reached them fetid, heavy with the odor of death, as it blew across the stockyards. Shouts, calls, cries, moans, the sounds of old age and of infancy, of despair and of joy, mingled and became the anonymous murmur of a hot, human multitude.

The following morning I put ten cents in my pocket and started out to get a job before this sum should be used up. How huge the city seemed when I thought of the small space I could cover on foot looking for work. I walked toward the river, as the commercial activity expressed itself in that direction by tall, fifteen and twenty-story buildings and streams of velvet smoke. Blocks and blocks of tenements, with the same dirty people wallowing around them, answered my searching eyes in blank response. There was an occasional dingy sign, offering board and lodging. After I had made several futile inquiries at imposing offices on the river front I felt that it was a hopeless quest. I should never get work unknown, unskilled, already tired and discouraged. My collar was wilted in the fierce heat; my shabby felt sailor hat was no protection against the sun's rays; my hands were gloveless; and, as I passed the plate-glass windows, I could see the despondent droop of my skirt, the stray locks of hair that blew about free of comb or veil. A sign out, "Manglers wanted," attracted my attention in the window of a large steam laundry. I was not a "mangler," but I went and asked to see the boss.

What do you pay?"

"Four dollars a week until you learned. Then you would work up to five, five and a half—"

"Better than nothing," was all I could think, "but I can't live on four a week. How often do you pay?"

"Every Tuesday night.'

This meant no money for ten days.

"If you think you'd like to try shaking, come round Monday morning at 7 o'clock."

At least I had a job, however poor, and strengthened by this thought I determined to find something better before Monday. The ten-cent piece lay, an inviting fortune, in my hand. I was to part with one-tenth of it in exchange for a morning newspaper. The investment seemed a reckless plunge, but "nothing venture, nothing have," my pioneer spirit prompted, and soon deep in the list of "Wanted, Females," I felt repaid. Even in my destitute condition I had a choice in mind. If possible, I wanted to work without machinery at a shop where the girls used their hands alone as power. Here seemed to be my heart's content—a short, concise advertisement, "Wanted, hand-sewers." I took a car and alighted in a busy street in the fashionable shopping centre of Chicago. The number I looked for was over a steep flight of dirty wooden stairs. If there is such a thing as luck it was now to dwell a moment with one of the poorest. I pushed open a swinging door and let myself into the office of a clothing manufacturer. The owner, Mr. P., got up from his desk and came toward me.

"I seen your advertisement in the morning paper."

"Yes," he answered in a kindly voice. "Are you a tailoress?"

AN OFFICE TYPE.

"Adjusting the trash with which they had bedecked their exteriors, while their poor, hard-working systems went hungry within."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"No, sir. I've never done much sewing except on a machine."

"Well, we have machines here."

"But," I almost interrupted, "I'd rather work with my hands. I like the hand work."

He looked at me and gave me an answer which exactly coincided with my theories. He said this, and it was just what I wanted him to say:

"If you do hand work you'll have to use your mind. Lots of girls come in here with an idea they can let their thoughts wander, but you've got to pay strict attention. You can't do hand work mechanically."

"All right, sir," I responded. "What do you pay?"

"I'd give you six dollars a week while you're learning." I could hardly control a movement of delight. Six dollars a week! A dollar a day for an apprentice.

"But,"—my next question I made as dismal as possible—"When do you pay?"

"Generally not till the end of the second week," the kindly voice said, "but we could arrange to pay you at the end of the first if you needed the money."

"Shall I come in Monday?"

"Come in this afternoon at 12.30 if you're ready."

"I'm ready," I said, "but I ain't brought no lunch with me, and it's too late now to get home and back again."

The man put his hand in his pocket and laid down before me a fifty-cent piece, advanced on my pay.

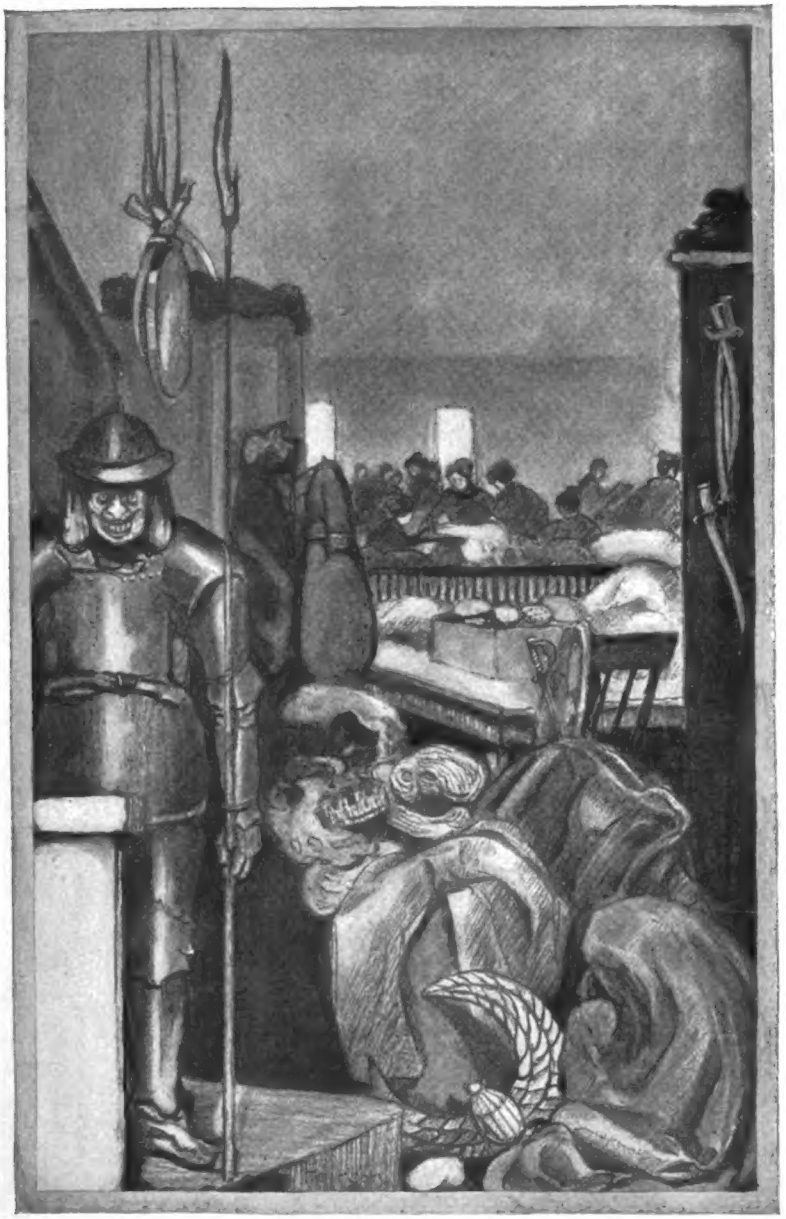
"Take that," he said, with courtesy, "get yourself a lunch in the neighborhood and come back at half-past twelve."

I went to the nearest restaurant. It was an immense bakery, patronized by office girls and men, hard workers who came for their only free moment of the day into this eating-place. Everything that could be swallowed quickly was spread out on a long counter, behind which there were steaming tanks of tea, coffee and chocolate. The men took their food downstairs, and the ladies climbed to the floor above. I watched them. They were self-supporting women—independent; they could use their money as they liked. They came in groups. A rustling frou-frou announced silk underfittings. Feathers, garlands of flowers, masses of trimming weighed down their broad-brimmed picture hats; fancy veils, kid gloves, silver side-bags, embroidered blouses and elaborate belt buckles completed the detail of their showy costumes, the whole worn with the air of a mannikin. What did these busy women order for lunch? Tea and buns, ice cream and buckwheat cakes, apple pie à la mode and chocolate were the most serious menus. This nourishing food they ate with great nicety and daintiness, talking the while about clothes. They were in a hurry, as all of them had some shopping to do before returning to work, and they each spent a prinking five minutes before the mirror, adjusting the trash with which they had bedecked their exteriors, while their poor, hard-working systems went ungarnished and hungry within.

This is the wound in American society whereby its strength sloughs away. It is to this class that campaigns can be made, directly and indirectly, by preaching and by example. What sort of women are those who sacrifice all on the altar of luxury? Is their fundamental thought to be of benefit to a family or to some member of a family? Is their indirect object to be strong, thrifty members of society? No; their parents are secondary, their health is secondary to the consuming vanity that drives them to a ruinous goal. They scorn the hand workers; they feel themselves a *noblesse* by comparison; they are the American snobs, whose coat-of-arms marks, not a well-remembered family, but prospective luxuries. Married, they bring as a portion thriftless tastes, to satisfy which more than one business man has wrecked his career. They work like men; why should they not live as men do, with similar responsibilities? What should we think of a class of masculine clerks and employées who spent all their money on clothes?

The boss was busy when I got back to the clothing establishment. But as soon as he saw me the generous Mr. P. who advanced me the fifty cents smiled at the sceptical Mr. P. who had never expected to see me again. One self said to the other, "I told you so," and all the kindly lines in the man's face showed that he had looked for the best even in his inferiors, and that he had found mankind worth trusting. He was the most generous employer I met with anywhere. I also took him to be the least businesslike. But, as though quickly to establish the law of averages, his head forewoman counterbalanced all his mercies by her ferocious crossness. She terrorized everybody, even Mr. P. It was to her, I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



IN A CHICAGO THEATRICAL COSTUME FACTORY.

"There was the long-accumulated disorder of hasty preparation for the vanities of life."

concluded, that we owed our six dollars a week. No girl would stay for less; it was an atelier chiefly of foreign employées; the proud American spirit would not stand the lash of Frances's tongue. She had been ten years in the place, whose mad confusion was order to her. Kindly Mr. P. did not dare to send her away. He preferred keeping a perpetual advertisement in the paper and changing hands every few days.

The workroom on our floor was fifty or sixty feet long, with windows on the street at one end and on a dirty court at the other. The middle of the room was lighted by gas. The air was foul, and the dirt lay in heaps at every corner and was piled up

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

under the centre tables. It was less like a workshop than an old attic. There was the long-accumulated disorder of hasty preparation for the vanities of life. It had not at all the aspect of a factory which makes a steady provision of practical things. There were odds and ends of fancy costumes hanging about, swords, crowns, belts and badges. Under the sewing machine's swift needles flew the scarlet coats of a regiment; gold and silver braid lay unfurled on the table; the hand workers bent over an armful of khaki; a row of young girls were fitting military caps to imaginary soldiers' heads; the ensigns of glory slipped through the fingers of the humble; chevrons and epaulettes were caressed never so closely by toil-worn hands. In the midst of us sits a man on a headless hobby horse, making small gray trunks bound in red leather, such boxes as might contain jewels for Marguerite, a game of Lotto, or a collection of jackstraws and mother-of-pearl counters brought home from a first trip abroad. The trunkmaker wears a sombrero and smokes a corncob pipe. He is very handsome, with dark eyes and fine features, and he has the "average figure," so that he serves as mannikin for the atelier, and I find him alternately a workman in overalls or a Turkish magnate with turban and flowing robes. It is into this atmosphere of toil and unreality that I am initiated as a hand sewer. Something of the dramatic and theatrical possesses the very managers themselves. Below, a regiment waits impatient for new brass buttons; we sew against time and break all our promises. Messengers arrive every few minutes with fresh reports of rising ire on the part of disappointed customers. Down the stairs pell-mell comes an elderly partner of the firm with a gold and purple crown on his head, and after him follows the kindly Mr. P. in an usher's jacket. "If you don't start now," he calls, "that order'll be left on our hands."

AN AMERICAN SEAMSTRESS.

Amid such confusion the regular rhythm of the needle as it carries its train of thread across yards of colored cloth is peaceful, consoling. I have on one side of me a tailor who speaks only Polish, on the other side a seamstress who speaks only German. Across the frontier, which I thus become, they communicate with signs, and I get my share of work planned out by each. Every woman in the place is cross except the girl next to me. She has only just come in, and the poison of the forewoman has not yet stung her into ill nature. She is, like all the foreigners, neatly, soberly dressed in a sensible frock of good, durable material. The few Americans in the shop have on elaborate shirt-waists in light-colored silks with fancy ribbon collars. We are well paid, there is no doubt of it. We begin work at 8 A. M., and have a generous half-hour at noon. Most of the girls are Germans and Poles, and they have received training as tailoresses in their home countries. To the sharp onslaught of Frances' tongue they make no response, except in dogged, silent obedience, whereas the dressy Americans, with their proper spirit of independence, touch the limit of insubordination at every new command. Insults are freely exchanged, threats ring out on the tired ears. Frances is ubiquitous. She scolds the tailors with a torrent of abuse, she terrorizes the handsome mannikin, she bewilders the kindly Mr. P., and before three days have passed she has dismissed in tears the neat little Polish girl. This latter comes to me, her face wrought with emotion. She was receiving nine dollars a week; it is her first place in America; and this sudden dismissal and its injustice require an explanation. She cannot speak a word of English, and asks me to put my poor German at her service as interpreter.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But later, as earlier, Frances triumphs, and I soon bid good-bye to my seatmate and watch her tear-stained face disappear down the dingy hallway. She was a skilled tailoress, but she could not cut out men's garments, so Frances dismissed her. I wonder when my turn will come, for I am a green hand, and yet determined to keep the American spirit of independence.

"I am only staying here between jobs," the girl next me volunteers at lunch. "My regular place burnt out. You couldn't get *me* to work under *her*. I wouldn't stand it, even if they do pay well." She is an American.

"You're lucky to be so independent," says a German woman, whose dull silence I had hitherto taken for ill nature. "I'm glad enough to get the money. I was up this morning at five, working. There's myself and my mother, and my little girl, and not a cent but what I make. My husband is sick; he's in Arizona."

"What were you doing at five?" I asked.

"I have a trade," she answers. "I work on hair goods; it don't bring me much; but I get in a few hours night and morning, and it helps some. There's so much to pay."

She was young, but youth is no lover of discomfort. Hardship had chased every vestige of *jeunesse* from her high, wrinkled brow and tired brown eyes. Like a mirror held against despair, her face reflected no ray of hope. She was not rebellious, but all she knew of life was written there in lines whose sadness a smile now and again intensified.

The work, however, does not seem hard to me. I sew on buttons, rip pantaloons, baste coat sleeves; I do all sorts of odd jobs from eight until six, without feeling, in spite of the bad air, any great physical fatigue which ten minutes' brisk walk does not shake off. But never have the hours dragged so; the moral weariness in the midst of continual scolding and abuse is unbearable. Each night I come to a firm decision to leave the following day, but weakly I return, sure of my dollar, and dreading to face again the giant city in search of work. About four one afternoon, well on in the week, Frances brings me a pair of military trousers; the stripes of cloth at the side seam are to be ripped off; I go to work cheerfully, cutting the threads and slipping one piece of cloth from the other. It is the only way I know to rip, but Frances knows another way that breaks your back and almost puts your eyes out, that makes you tired and behindhand and sure of a scolding. She shows me how to rip her way. I begin by cutting a long hole in the trousers, which I hide so Frances will not see it. She has frightened me into dishonesty. Arrived at the middle of the stripe I was obliged to turn the trousers wrong side out and right side out again every other stitch. While I was working in this way, getting more enraged at every moment, a bedbug ran out of the seam between my fingers. I killed it. It was full of blood and made a wet red spot on the table. Then I put down the trousers and drew away my chair. It was useless saying anything to the girl next me. She was a Pole, dull, sullen, without a friendly word; but the two women beyond had told me once that they pitied Frances' husband, so I looked to them for support in what I was about to do.

A GERMAN TAILORESS.

In a great hurry Frances passed me twice. She called out angrily both times without waiting for an answer:

"Why don't you finish them pants?"

Frances was a German. She wore two rhinestone combs in her frizz'es, which held also dust and burnt odds and ends of hair. She had no lips whatever. Her mouth shut completely over them after each tirade. Her eyes were separated by two deep scowls, and her voice was shrill and nasal.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

On her third round she faced me with the same question:

"Why don't you finish them pants?"

"Because," I answered this time, "there's bedbugs in 'em, and I ain't goin' to touch 'em!"

"Mike," she called to the presser in the corner, "will you have this *young lady's* card made out."

She gave me no further work to do, but, too humiliated to sit idle, I joined a group of girls who were sewing badges.

At six the power was turned off, the machine hands went home. There was still an unfinished heap of black badges.

I got up and put on my things in the dark closet that served for dressing-room. Frances called to the hand sewers in her rasping voice:

"You darsn't leave till you've finished them badges."

How could I feel the slavery they felt? I dared to rebel, knowing the resources of a black silk emergency bag, money-lined. They for their living must pay with moral submission as well as physical fatigue. What opposition could the German woman place; what could she risk, knowing that two hungry mouths beside her own waited to be fed? With a farewell glance at the rubbish-strewn room, the high, grimy windows, the group of handsewers bent over their work in the increasing darkness, I started down the stairs. A hand was laid on my arm; I looked up and saw Mike's broad Irish face and sandy head bending towards me.

"I suppose you understand," he said, "that there'll be no more work for you."

"Yes," I answered, "I understand," and we exchanged a glance which meant that we both agreed it was Frances' fault.

I remembered a remark the German woman had made when Frances dismissed the Polish girl: "People ought to make it easy and not hard for others to earn a living."

After this somewhat agitating day I returned to my tenement lodgings as to a haven of rest. There was one other lodger besides myself. She was studying music on borrowed money at four dollars a lesson. Obviously she was a victim to luxury in the same degree as the young women with whom I had lunched at the bakery. Nothing that a rich society girl might have had been left out of her wardrobe; and borrowed money seemed as good as any for making a splurge. Miss Arnold was something of a snob, intellectual and otherwise. It was evident from my wretched clothes and poor grammar that I was not accustomed to ladies of her type, but far from sparing me, she humiliated me with all sorts of questions.

"I'm tired of the taffeta jackets, aren't you?" she would ask, apropos of my flimsy ulster. "I had taffeta last year, with velvet and satin this winter, but I don't know what I'll get yet this summer."

After supper, on my return I found her sitting in the parlor with Mrs. Brown. They never lighted the gas, as there was an electric lamp which sent its rays aslant the street and repeated the pattern of the window curtains all over Mrs. Brown's face and hands.

Drawn up on one end of the horsehair sofa, Miss Arnold, in a purple velvet blouse, chatted to Mrs. Brown and me.

"I'm from Jacksonville," she volunteered, patting her masses of curly hair. "Do you know anybody from Jacksonville? It's an elegant town, so much wealth, so many retired farmers, and it's such an educational centre. Do you like reading?" she asked me.

"I don't get time," is my response.

"Oh, my," she rattles on; "I'm crazy about reading. I do love blank verse; it makes the language so choice, like in Shakespeare."

Mrs. Brown and I, being in the majority, as opposed to this young plutocrat, remain placid. A current of understanding exists between us. She, on the other hand, finds our ignorance a flattering background for her learning and adventures. She is so obviously a woman of the world, on the tenement horsehair sofa.

"In case you don't like your work," she Lady Bountifuls me, "I can get you a stylish place as maid with some society people just outside of Chicago—friends of mine; an elegant family."

"I don't care to live out," I respond, thanking her. "I like my Sundays and my evenings off."

Mrs. Brown pricks up her ears at this, and I notice that thereafter she keeps close inquiry as to how my Sundays and evenings are spent.

But the bell rings. Miss Arnold is called for by friends to play on the piano at an evening entertainment. Mrs. Brown and I,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ITALIAN TENEMENT TYPES

"They're kind folks and good neighbors . . . but since they've moved into this neighborhood the price of property's gone down."

being left alone, begin a conversation of the personal kind, which is the only resource among the poor. If she had any inferiority, a wooden leg or a glass eye, she would naturally have begun by showing it to me, but as she had been spared intact, she chose second best.

"I've had lots of shocks," she said, rocking back and forth in a squeaky rocking chair. The light from over the way flickered and gleamed. Mrs. Brown's broad yellow face and gray hair were now brilliant, now sombre, as she rocked in and out of the silver rays. Her voice was a metallic whine, and when she laughed against her regular, even, false teeth there was a sound like the mechanical yelp of a toy cat. Married at sixteen, her whole life had been Brown on earth below and God in His heaven above. Childless, she and Brown had spent over fifty years together. It was natural that in the matter of shocks the first she should mention was Brown's death. Her voice was choked; even now, after three years, as she told the story she could not believe it herself.

Presently, when she was calm again, she continued the recital of her shocks. Three times struck by lightning and once run over. Her simple descriptions are straightforward and dramatic. As she talks the wind blows against the window, the shutters rattle, and an ugly white china knob, against which the curtains are draped, falls to the floor. Tenderly, amazed, she picks it up and looks at it.

"Brown put that up," she says. "There hasn't no hand touched it since his'n."

Proprietor of this house in which she lives, Mrs. Brown is fairly well off. She rents one floor to an Italian family, one to some laborers, and one to an Irishman and his wife, who gets drunk from time to time and arouses us in the night with tumult and scuffling. She has a way of disappearing for a week or more, and returning without giving any account of herself. Relations are strained, and Mrs. Brown in speaking of her says:

"I don't care what trouble I was in, I wouldn't call on that Irishwoman. I don't have anythin' to do with her. I'd rather get the Dago next door," and hereafter follows a mild tirade against the Italians, the same sentiments I have heard expressed before in the laboring *milieu*.

"They're kind folks and good neighbors," Mrs. Brown explains, "but they're different from us. They eat what the rest of us throw away, and there's no work they won't do.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They're puttin' money aside fast; most of 'em owns their own houses; but since they've moved into this neighborhood the price of property's gone down. I don't have nothin' to do with 'em. We don't any of us. They're not like us; they're different."

Without letting a day elapse, I started early the following morning in search of a new job. There was one simple "girls wanted," which I answered, prepared for anything but an electric sewing machine.

The address took me to a more fashionable side of the city, near the lake. A wide expanse of pale, shimmering water, it lay a refreshing horizon for eyes long used to poverty's quarters. And at its very brink are the turmoil and confusion of America's giant industries. In less than an hour I am receiving wages from a large picture-frame company in East Lake Street. Once more I have made the observation that men are more agreeable bosses than women. The woman, when she is not exceptionally disagreeable, like Frances, is always annoying. She bothers and nags; things must be done her way; she enjoys the legitimate minding of other people's business. Provided you get your work done, the man boss doesn't care what methods you take for doing it. The overseer at J.'s picture-frame manufactory is courteous, friendly, considerate. I have a feeling that he wishes me to co-operate with him, not to be terrorized and driven to death by him. My spirits rise at once, my ambition is stimulated, and I desire his approval. The work is all done by the piece, he explains to me, telling me the different prices. The girls work generally in teams of three, dividing profits. Nothing could be more modern, more middle-class, more popular, more Philistine than the production of J.'s workrooms. They are the cheap imitations fed to a public hungry for luxury or the semblance of it. Nothing is genuine in the entire shop. Water-colors are imitated in chromo, oils are imitated in lithograph, white carved-wood frames are imitated in machine-made lacquer, Louis XVI. mouldings are imitated in applications of pressed brass. Great works of art are belittled by processes cheap enough to be within reach of the poorest pocket. Framed pictures are turned out by the thousand dozens, every size, from the smallest domestic scene, which hangs over the baby's crib in a Harlem flat, to the large wedding-present size placed over the piano in the front parlor.

My job is easy, but slow. With a hammer and tacks I fasten four tin mouldings to the four corners of a gilt picture frame. Twenty-five cents for a hundred is the pay given me, and it takes me half a day to do this many; but my comrades don't allow me to get discouraged.

The hours are ten a day: from seven until five thirty, with twenty-five minutes at noon instead of half an hour. The extra five minutes a day mounts up to thirty minutes a week, and lets us off at five on Saturdays.

The conversation around me leads me to suppose that my companions are not downtrodden in any way, nor that they intend letting work interfere with happiness. They have in their favor the most blessed of all gifts: youth. The tragic faces one meets with are of the women bread-winners, whose burdens are overwhelming, and of the children in whom physical fatigue arrests development and all possibility of pleasure. My present team-mates and those along the rest of the room are Americans between fourteen and twenty-four years of age, full of unconscious hope for the future, which is natural in healthy, well-fed youth, taking their work cheerily as a self-imposed task, in exchange for which they can have more clothes and more diversions during their leisure hours.

The profitable job given us on the following day is monotonous and dirty, but we net $1.05 each. There is a mechanical roller, which passes before us, carrying at irregular intervals a large sheet of colored paper covered with glue. My *vis-a-vis* and I lay the palms of our right hands upon the glue surface and lift the sheet of paper to its place on the table before us, over a stiff square of bristol board. The boss of the team fixes the two sheets together with a brush, which she manipulates skilfully. We are making in this way the stiff backs which hold the pictures in their frames. When we have fallen into the proper swing we finish one hundred sheets every forty or forty-five minutes. We could work more rapidly, but the sheets are furnished to us at this rate, and it is so comfortable that conversation is not interrupted. The subjects are the same as elsewhere: dress, young men, entertainments. The girls have

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"beaux" and "steady beaux." The expression, "Who is she going with?" means who is her steady beau. "I've got Jim Smith *now*, but I don't know whether I'll keep him," means that Jim Smith is on having danced until early morning. "There's nothing so smart for a ball," the mundane of my team tells us, "as a black skirt and white silk waist."

The conditions at J.'s are too favorable

THE REAR OF A CHICAGO TENEMENT.

trial as a beau and may become a "steady." They go to Sunday night subscription dances, and arrive Monday morning looking years older than on Saturday, after to be interesting, and, having no excuse to leave, I disappear one day at lunch time and never return to get my apron or my wages. I shall be obliged to draw

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

upon the resources of the black silk bag, but before returning to my natural condition of life I wish to try one more place, a printing job. There are quantities of advertisements in the papers for girls needed to run presses of different sorts; so on the very afternoon of my self-dismissal I start through the hot summer streets in search of a situation. On the day when my appearance is most forlorn I find policemen always as officially polite as when I am dressed in my best. Other people of whom I enquire my way are sometimes curt, sometimes compassionate, seldom indifferent, and generally much nicer or not nearly as nice as they would be to a rich person.

"CHEAP IMITATION FED TO A PUBLIC HUNGRY FOR LUXURY."

By this time it is after three in the afternoon; my chances are diminishing as the day goes on and others apply before me. There is one more possibility at a box and label factory which has advertised for a girl to feed a Gordon press. I have never heard of a Gordon press, but I make up my mind not to leave the label company without the promise of a job for the very next day. The stairway is dingy and irregular. My spirits are not buoyant as I open a swinging door and enter a room with a cage in the middle, where a lady cashier, dressed in a red silk waist, sits on a high stool, overlooking the office. Three portly men, fat, well nourished, evidently of one family, are installed behind yellow ash desks, each with a lady typewriter at his right hand. I go timidly up to the fattest of the three. He is in shirt sleeves, evidently feeling the heat painfully. He pretends to be very busy, and hardly looks up when I say:

"I seen your 'ad.' in the paper this morning."

"You're rather late," is his answer. "I've got two girls engaged already."

"Too late," I say with an intonation, which interrupts his work for a minute, and he looks at me. I profit by this moment, and, changing from tragedy to a good-humored smile, I ask:

"Say, are you sure those girls'll come? You can't always count on us, you know."

He laughs at this. "Have you ever run a Gordon press?"

"No, sir, but I'm awful handy."

"Well," the fat man says, indulgently, "you come in to-morrow morning at eight and I'll give you a job."

The following day I begin my last and by far most trying apprenticeship.

The noise of a single press is deafening. In the room where I work there are ten presses on my row, eight back of these and four printing machines back of them. On one side of the room only are there windows. The air is heavy with the sweet, stifling smell of printers' ink and cheap paper. A fine rain of bronze dust sifts itself into the hair and clothes at the end of the room where the girls are bronzing colored advertisements. The work is all done standing; the hours are from seven until six, with half an hour at noon and holiday at one-thirty on Saturdays. It is to *feed* a machine that I am being paid $3 a week; the expression is admirably chosen. The machine's iron jaws yawn for food; they devour all I give, and when by chance I am slow they snap hungrily at my hand and would crush my fingers did I not snatch them away, feeling the first cold clutch. It is nervous

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

work. Each leaf to be printed must be handled twice; five thousand circulars or billheads mean ten thousand gestures for the printer, and this is an afternoon's work.

Into the square marked out for it by steel guards, the paper must be slipped with the right hand, while the machine is open; with the left hand the printed paper must be pulled out, and a second fitted in its place before the machine closes again. What a master to serve is this noisy iron mechanism animated by steam! It gives not a moment's respite to the worker, whose thoughts must never wander from her task. The girls are pale. Their complexions without exception are bad. We are bossed by men. My boss is kind, and seeing that I am ambitious, he comes now and then and prints a few hundred billheads for me. There is some complaining, *sotto voce*, of the other boss, who, it appears, is a hard taskmaster. Both are very young, both chew tobacco and expectorate long, brown, wet lines of tobacco juice upon the floor. While waiting for new type I get into conversation with the boss of ill repute. He has an honest, serious face; his eyes are evidently more accustomed to judging than to trusting his fellow beings. He is communicative.

The first day I had a touch of pride in getting easily ahead of the new girl who started in when I did. As we were both new girls, there was no indiscretion in my direct question:

"Ever worked before?"

She opened her hands and held them out to me. In the palm of one there was a long scar that ran from wrist to forefinger. Two nails had been worn off below the quick and were cracked through the middle. The whole was gloved in an iron callous, streaked with black.

"Does that look like work?" she asked.

"What was you doing to get your hands like that?"

"Tipping shoe laces. I had to quit, 'cause they cut the pay down. I could do twenty-two gross in a day, working until eight o'clock, and I didn't care how hard I worked, so long as I got good pay—$9 a week. But the employer'd been a workman himself, and they're the worst kind. He cut me down to $4 a week; so I quit."

"Do you live home?"

"Yes. I give all I make to my mother, and she gives me my clothes and board.

Almost anywhere I can make $7 a week, and I feel that when I earn that much like I was doing right. But it's hard to work and make nothing. I'm slow to learn," she smiled at me, covering her mouth with her hand, "but I'll get onto it, and by and by go as fast as any one, only I'm not very strong."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Heart disease for one thing, and then I'm so nervous. It's kind of hard to have to work when you're not able. To-day I can hardly stand, my head's aching so. They make the poor work for just as little as they

CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

can, don't they? It's not the work I mind, but if I can't give in my seven a week at home I get to worrying."

Now and then as she talked, in her inarticulate, pitiful voice, the tears added lustre to her eyes.

The machines began to roar and vibrate again. The noon recess was over. She went back to her job. I could hear the melancholy intonation of her voice, pronouncing words of courage over her disfigured under lip. She was one of Nature's failures—one of God's triumphs.

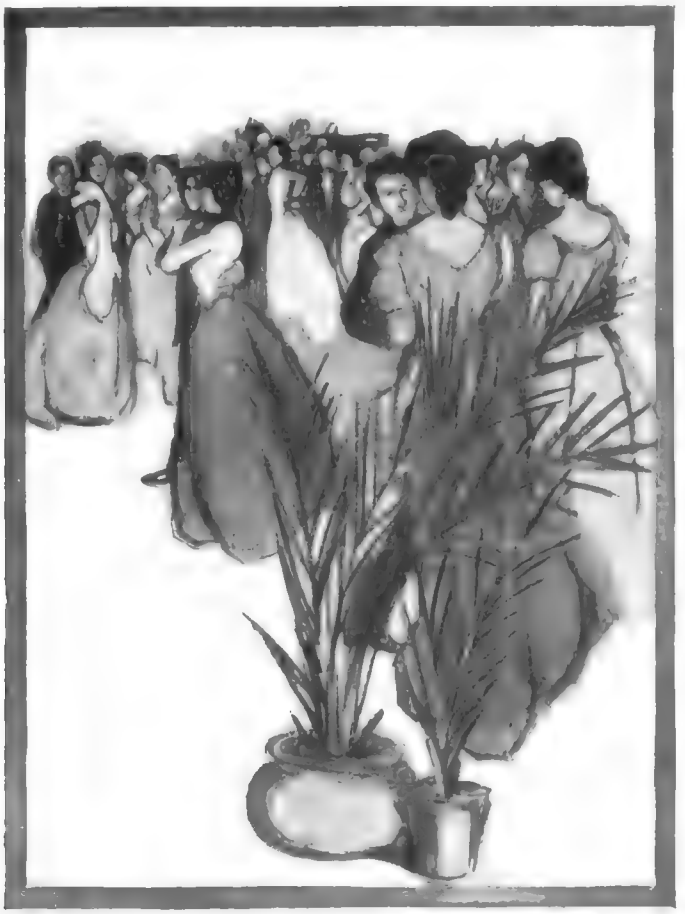
Sunday morning Mrs. Brown asked me to join her and Miss Arnold for breakfast. They were both in slippers and dressing-gowns. We boiled the coffee and set the table with doughnuts and sweet cakes, which Miss Arnold kept in a paper bag in her room.

As soon as breakfast is over, the mundane member of the household starts off on a day's round of visits. When the screen door has shut upon her slender silhouette, Mrs. Brown settles down for a chat. She takes out the brush and comb, unbraids her silver locks and arranges them while she talks.

"Miss Arnold's always on the go—she's awful nervous. These society people aren't happy. Life's not all pleasure for them, You can be sure they have their ups and downs like the rest of us."

"I guess that's likely," is my response.

"They don't tell the truth always, in the first place. They say there's got to be deceit in society and that these stylish people pretend all sorts of things. Well, then all I say is," and she pricks the comb into the brush with emphasis, "all I say is, you better keep



"THEY GO TO SUNDAY NIGHT SUBSCRIPTION DANCES, AND ARRIVE MONDAY MORNING LOOKING YEARS OLDER."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

out of society. I just thought I'd tell you about a girl who was workin' here in the General Electric factory. She was sixteen, a real nice-lookin' girl from the South. She left her mother and came up here alone. It wasn't long before she got to foolin' round with one of the young men over to the factory. They was both young; they didn't mean no harm; but one day she come and told me, cryin' like anythin', that she was in trouble, and her young man had gone.

"The gentlemen from the factory got a sheriff, and they started off up north after the young man, determined to get him by force if they couldn't by kindness. Well, they found him and they brought him back; he was willin' to come, and they got everything fixed up for the weddin' without tellin' her a thing about it, and on the day she was sittin' right there," she pointed to the rocking chair near the front parlor window, "when he come in. He was carryin' a big bunch of cream roses, tied with long white ribbons. He offered 'em to her, but she wouldn't look at them nor at him. After a while they went together into her room and talked for half an hour, and when they come back she had consented to marry him. He was real kind. He kept askin' me if she had cried much and thankin' me for takin' care of her. They were married, and when the weddin' was over she didn't want to stay with him. She said she wanted her mother, but we talked to her and told her what was right and things was fixed up between them."

On the last evening of my tenement residence, I was sitting in a restaurant of the quarter, having played truant from Mrs. Wood's, whose Friday fish dinner had poisoned me, when a new-comer entered. He was evidently nobody; a beggar animated by instinct to get from others what he could no longer earn for himself; the type *par excellence* who has worn out charity organizations. He was asking for food. The proprietor gave him the address of a free lodging-house and turned him away. He pulled his cap over his head, the door opened and closed, letting in a fresh gale of icy air. The man was gone. I turned back to my supper, trying to be "reasonable." Scientific philanthropy would have means of proving that such men are alone to blame for their condition, that this one was in all probability a drunkard and that it would be useless, worse than useless, to help him. But he was cold and hungry and penniless and I knew it. All the charity bureaus in the State might jeer at me. I went as swiftly as I could to overtake him. Lurching along at a snail's pace, he had not travelled far, and he was startled when I came up to him. One of his legs was longer than the other, having been crushed in an accident. They were not pairs, his legs, and neither were his eyes pairs; one was big and blind, with a fixed pupil, and the other showed all his feelings. Across his nose there was a scar, a heavy scar, pale like the rest of his face. He was small and had sandy hair.

"It's a cold night," I began; "are you out of a job?"

With his wistful eye he gave me a kind glance.

"I've been sick. There's a sharp pain right in through here." He indicated a spot under his arm. "They thought at the hospital that I 'ad consumption. But," his face brightened, "I haven't got it." He showed in his smile the life-warrant that kept him from suicide. *He wanted to live.*

I proposed that we do some shopping together, and he looked at me like a child who is being taken to a toy shop. He limped along to a cheap clothing store, kept by an Italian. The price of a shirt was seventy-five cents, and as soon as my companion heard this the poor man said to me: "Oh, you mustn't spend as much as that."

Looking first at the pauper, then at me, the Italian leaned over and whispered to me, "I think I understand. You can have the shirt for sixty, and I'll put in a pair of socks, too." Thus we had become a fraternity; all were poor; the stronger were helping the weaker. When his toilet was complete, the poor man looked half a head taller.

His bony hand lay in mine; his eye looked straight into mine. "Thank you," he said; and his parting words were these: "I'll stand by you." There was no material substance to his promise. I took it to mean that he would stand by any generous impulses I might have that he would be, as it were, a patron saint of those who are never too poor to give to some one poorer; of those who have no scientific reasons for giving, no statistics, only compassion and pity; a patron saint, in fine, of those whose records are kept in the heart, not in a charity bureau, of those whose giving does the giver as much good as it does the receiver.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SUL AND SHUMUL.

A NEW "ARABIAN NIGHTS" STORY.

Translated for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DU MOND.

[The manuscript from which the story of "Sul and Shumul" is translated was among the extraordinary collection of Arabian, Persian and Indian parchments bequeathed by the late Dr. J. G. Wetzstein, German Consul at Damascus, to the University of Tubingen. Its value was not suspected until recently, when it came into the hands of the Oriental scholar, Prof. O. F Seybold, who translated it into German. This is the first rendering of the story into English.

The "Arabian Nights Entertainments," or "The Thousand and One Nights," is a collection of ancient stories from Persian, Hindoo and Arabic sources, put together in Egypt in 1450 in its present form of a series of tales told before the Sultan by his wife, Schahrazad to her sister Dunjazad. The collection was first introduced into Europe through the French translation of Antoine Galland, 1704-1708.

Galland's genuine stories, however, numbered but two hundred and sixty-two, the rest of "The Thousand and One" being supplied by imitators. To the reliable tales of this series can be added "Sul and Shumul," a distinctly Arabian story of love and adventure, the first of those in which the relations between the Greek Christians and the Moslems are pictured, and by far the best in which supernatural agencies are not employed.

Apart from the elimination of Oriental expletives and the freedom that must be conceded to a translator, the story is a faithful transcription of the original.—EDITOR]

ON the following night Dunjazad said to her sister, Schahrazad: "I am sleepless, O sister, because you cannot sleep; therefore I implore you to tell me further of the love of Sul for the beautiful Shumul, so that the night may pass with gladness."

Then Schahrazad kissed her sister, and told of the search of Sul for the bride of whom jealous men or wicked dragons had robbed him on the day when they were to be wed.

. . . . . .

Sore of heart Sul said: "No Arab would steal the bride of the Emir's son. Some Christian has taken her; therefore will I dress as a monk, and night and day make search through the convents of Syria till I have found my beloved. The heaviest burden is hopeless grief, and the most cruel hunger is a starving heart."

Then Sul dressed himself in a black robe, tied rawhide sandals on his feet and a hair girdle about his waist; and he filled a wallet with gold and concealed it in his breast. As he went out he repeated the words of the poet: "Praise God, the one God—God the Majestic, God of the supreme throne. Though above Him there is none, yet is He the Friend of the humblest. God hath given to His children all blessings, but the blessing of blessings is love."

So Sul began his search. When on the third day his shadow grew long on the sand, when his eyes were dry and his lips shrunken with the heat, he saw a white tower in front, and he knew it was the home of the black-robed monks. A venerable man, with long white hair and beard, met Sul at the gate and called to him:

"Whither goest thou, O son of the sorrowful face?"

"I come to search for Shumul," said Sul;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Shumul, my bride; Shumul, fairest of all the Emir's daughters; Shumul, whose lips dripped honey and whose eyes beamed love. There is goodness in thy face; O father, tell me if thou knowest aught of my lost one!"

The old monk shook his white beard and said: "This is a monastery for men who keep their lives from sin. Women are forbidden our gates. Why should one in thy garb come searching for a woman?"

"But I search for Shumul. Heaven would be holier if she were there. Sin would fly thy monastery if she blessed it with her feet. I wear this dress to help me in my search."

"How lost thee thy bride?" the monk asked.

"Shumul was my cousin. As children we played together, and to her are linked all the glad memories of my life. One day I opened my heart to her father, and he kissed my forehead and said: 'Allah meant my Shumul for the tents of Sul.' On her I bestowed jewels, but her beauty needed them not. I gave her rich robes: they did but conceal her loveliness. And she—she gave me that which brimmed the cup of my joy: she gave me her love. Slow coming was the wedding day; but when it dawned, brighter than the vanished stars, brighter than the gold-clouded sun, shone the beauty of veiled Shumul, surrounded by her maids. The Emirs—our allies—and their tall sons and strong warriors came in grand array to the feast. I was told that there were present men of thy faith, but my love-blinded eyes saw only my bride. Then there came the beating of many hoofs, the clang of sword on shield, the rattle of spurs, and the chilling crash of the chained cuirass. Feasters are but ill prepared for battle. I heard Shumul calling my name, and I tried to reach her. Then I fell fainting with hot blood in my eyes, and in my ears the eagle cries of the robbers. When the light came back they told me that of all the maidens Shumul alone was missing. Now am I here to find her."

Then the old monk, whose name was Michael, crossed his forehead and said: "I swear to thee that I have not seen thy Shumul! But the night is on us and thou art aweary; abide here till thy strength returns."

For two days and three nights Sul was the guest of Michael. When, with wallet filled with food, he came to depart, he bowed his head and said: "If Allah made all men like thee, O father, Moslem and Christian would be one, and strife would fly the earth. Now I go to Damascus, where all the caravans of the world meet and where there are many wise men and soothsayers."

Michael lifted his thin hands to Heaven and made answer: "May the Christ, the good prophets and the holy angels shield and guide thee on thy quest, O Sul, son of Khattaff of the Beni Zed!"

Then Sul went on. He questioned the sheep-herders and the goat-tenders on the brown hills; he talked with the lithe horsemen and with the footmen bowed beneath their packs; but not one had heard of Shumul. Like the plumes of guarding genii, he saw, afar off, the palms about the wells where the caravans halted. To them the fires and the tinkling camel-bells guided him by night, and he rested with merchants from Bagdad and Cairo, but they knew naught of his beloved. Often bands of fierce-eyed riders met Sul, or passed him under their black-bearded sheiks, but he questioned them not, for they looked as if they had never loved woman nor been loved.

After five days the great lines of horses and camels, coming and going, increased, and Sul said to himself: "When one is unknown the desert is less solitary than the haunts of men." One evening, when the red, tired sun was swooning to rest, Sul saw afar off the parched lights flashing on the silvered turrets and blazing like giant torches on the golden domes and marble minarets of the wondrous city. Over battlement and cross-crowned convent and crescent-domed mosque the green tree-arms spread like the wings of mighty birds; and a deep murmur, like the sound of far off mountain waters, came to his ears. Above this rising murmur Sul heard the drums of the marching men and the hoarse, glad shouting of the guards. Clouds of white doves drove against the sun. High over the hot mist the vultures from Lebanon swept, and the banners of the Caliph drooped wearily from the walls.

Drifting in with the life torrents, Sul passed the gates, and in vain his hungry ears tried to catch a home sound in the babel of shrill voices. That night he found lodgings with a Jew from Galilee who sold wine to the Christians. When Sul, who had slept on the roof, woke the next morning, the soft wind brought to him the odor of citron and pomegranate and rose; and because Shumul

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had loved these things he felt she must be near.

After he had prayed, bathed at the fountain in the court, and eaten of dates, black bread and oil, Sul began his search in the narrow winding streets, stopping only to shout the name of his beloved; and from the shops of the rug-sellers and jewellers, from the bazaars for spices and turbans and shawls, and from the glowing forges of the men who made weapons of war, mocking laughter came back like an echo.

Sul bought strong sandals for the stony streets. He visited the caravansaries and questioned the men who trade in girls for the harems of the great. He went to the camps of the jeering soldiers and talked with the swearing camel-drivers from Persia as they loaded their kneeling beasts, and they looked up and laughed. He went barefoot to the mosques of the Prophet, and, with bared head, searched the convents of the Christ, but he found no one who had heard of Shumul. He sought out the wise men and soothsayers and gave them money, and they said: "Wait till the moon be full again, then return—with more gold."

After seven days, and when the street children had come to tap their foreheads and to jeer after him, Sul turned his back on the city, where he had been so lonely; but his heart had not changed its purpose. It was in his mind to go to Egypt, where, he had been told, the Caliph had many beautiful women in his palace, and paid girl-stealers to plunder the world for his harem. One day as Sul was nearing Askalon he met a very old man leading a very old camel laden with very old clothes. To him Sul told his story, hearing which the old man said:

"For fourscore years have I lived, yet, by Allah! never before have I heard so strange a story, nor met one who could talk so well! Surely thou art a wandering poet, and skilled in appeals to women's tears and men's purses."

"I tell the truth," said Sul. "I search for my Shumul!"

"Bah! Get years and grow a beard, then wilt thou laugh at the fool who breaks his heart for a woman. Maids are more plentiful than rivers in Syria; so dry thy eye-floods and look about thee for another wife. This Shumul may have another lover, and no doubt has, if she be wise. Oh, I know these women. They have taught me to reason. A man in love never reasons; he is like a candlestick without a candle. But why art thou, an Arab, dressed as a monk?"

Sul told why he wore this disguise, saying that when he had found Shumul he would resume the dress of a Moslem, whereat the old camel-driver laughed.

Much angered at the old man, Sul hurried on, nor gave heed to the darkness. Next morning, against the rising sun, he saw afar off a great cloud of dust, and through the cloud there leaped black figures like winged and maddened demons. The cries of fighting eagles filled the air and over all rang the beating of flying hoofs. At first a great fear came upon Sul, but as he thought that these might be the dragons who had carried off Shumul, unarmed though he was, his courage returned. The dust-cloud thickened, and as the black figures swept nearer Sul recognized strange warriors and greatly wondered at their haste and their wild battle-cries. Loosened turbans and many-colored shawls flew back on the wind. Then Sul, who had been trained in the camps of the Beni Zed, recognized the flame glow on the tips of Kattischen spears. Like lightning through a storm-cloud flashed Indian swords. Breastplates, shields and steel bows of Damascus, with polished Mahcellischen helmets, rose and fell like crests of fire. Then out of the cloud leaped many horses, blood-nostriled and fierce of eye. When the mounted men saw Sul they swept about him in a roaring circle, waving their swords and shaking their spears. Then they reined in their panting horses and one shouted:

"Hurrah! We have found you! We are the Sinbisiten!"

Fearing for his life, Sul called to the riders:

"Stop! Stop! Are you not ashamed to hurl a hundred warriors against one man unarmed? By Allah, you are cowards! I am a stranger from far off Yamen! Kinsmen or tribesmen have I none at hand! What do I here? I am searching for Shumul! Shumul is my cousin and was to have been my wife; but on the wedding morning mounted dragons bore her away. The widows and the orphans wept when the dove of Yamen no more gladdened their eyes, and the Emirs, the allies of my father, bowed their heads. Had you seen my Shumul you could not forget her beauty. Had you met her, the love in your hearts would quench the anger of your eyes. My Shumul is——"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But the horsemen would hear no more. One said: "Of a truth, this is the wandering poet we seek," and another roared at Sul: "Thou liest, thou dog! Thou art no man from far off Yamen, but a devil and a horse-thief! For three days we have ridden our jaded horses to find thee and the other poets and thieves! Now, make no long answer to what I say!" And the man struck Sul on the face with the butt of his spear, yet did he answer without fear:

"By Allah's name, I swear that what I have said is the truth!"

. . . . . .

These horsemen were of the Sinbisiten tribe. They were a rude people, but had much wealth. Their Emir was Malik ibn Auf, who had fought many battles against the Tajjiten tribe. Now, the Tajjiten people loved the horses of their neighbors. Malik ibn Auf had a stallion that was the fleetest and most beautiful in all the land. His skin shone like rubies, and on his forehead blazed a white star like a diamond. This wonderful horse was kept in a strong stable. About the stable was a deep, water-filled ditch. Over this ditch there was a flying bridge that was taken up every night. About the stable ten strong and faithful guards kept watch by night and day.

Now, between the Sinbisiten and the Tajjiten there had long been war. One day when Muhalil ibn Welid was talking with his chiefs and boasting of the fleetness of his horses, one said: "In but one thing, O Master, do the Sinbisiten excel us. Malik ibn Auf has a stallion the like of which has not been seen since the Prophet's flight. He is swift as the lightning and gentle to the hand as the gazelle to the touch of a child. We can beat the Sinbisiten in battle, but so long as they own that steed may they look up in the presence of the Tajjiten."

"By Allah!" cried Muhalil. "My heart hungers for that horse. I would give all my wives for him, for wives are many and such horses few. But as the owner is an enemy, I must sue for peace. This I will do: I will give Malik ibn Auf my daughter to wife, with all the silver a camel can bear and all else he may ask for."

Then Salim, the Emir's standard-bearer and one young and daring and strong, said: "Why should you do that, O my Master?"

"Because I want the stallion."

"I can get the stallion," said Salim; "but what, in return, will you do for me?"

"I will make you a chief. I will give you a camel, laden with silver, and my daughter, Reihana, for wife."

"Your daughter is fair, my Master, but it is not she I would have for wife, if I secure you the stallion of Malik ibn Auf. One month ago you bought from traders a beautiful maiden, who says she was stolen from Yamen on the eve of her marriage. I know that you have pledged this captive to the Caliph of Cairo and that she is to go by the next caravan. If I bring you the stallion will you give me the girl?"

Now the Emir had bought the girl from traders for her great beauty, and he was guarding her in a tent before sending her to his dear friend the Caliph, to whom he had written of her coming. And this maiden was Shumul.

When Muhalil heard Salim's words he was much troubled. Then it came to his mind that Salim could not win, so he pledged his oath that the beautiful captive should be given to him who brought the stallion from the guarded stable of Malik ibn Auf. And so Salim disguised himself as a Ghassenide, and he journeyed alone till fate brought him into the company of four wandering poets, with whom he travelled into the country of the Sinbisiten.

. . . . . .

One day five men came to the camp of Malik ibn Auf and they said to the guards: "We have just come from the camps of the Beni Mazin people. We are travelling poets. For three days we chanted the glories of Ahlam, chief of the Beni Mazin, for he loves good poetry. When we were leaving, Ahlam gave us money and costly raiment, and he said, when we told him we were to visit Malik ibn Auf, of the Sinbisiten: "Oh, Malik knows a good horse, but he has no ear for poetry. But he may be hospitable. Go, and may Allah prosper your songs."

When the leader of the guards heard this he said: "Ahlam of the Beni Mazin is not fit to hold the stirrup of our chief. When I say Malik ibn Auf is the greatest and most generous of all Emirs, I speak true as the Koran. But with your own eyes you shall see."

Then the guards conducted the strangers to the Emir, who said: "Welcome, noblemen! Who are you and what do you wish?"

The one who had spoken before made answer: "We are wandering poets who have just come from the camps of the Beni

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mazin. We live to glorify the generous and to satirize the mean."

When Malik heard this, he gave the strangers quarters of honor between his own pavilion and the stable of the ruby stallion. Six milk camels were set apart for the poets, and twice each day servants brought them white bread and honey, with baskets of figs and dates and fresh grapes, and dried fish from the Jordan. And Malik ibn Auf said: "Want for nothing, O poets. I am twice as rich as Ahlam of the Beni Mazin and I love good poetry a thousand times better than he; therefore tarry with me till you have sung all your songs."

On the fourth day Malik ibn Auf had his pavilion made ready for the poets. Rich rugs from Persia covered the floors and the Emir's ivory chair was draped with shimmering silks from the Indus. With thin rebozas over their faces the forty wives of the Emir sat beneath him, and their children—black-eyed and red of lip—clustered around. About the walls five hundred tall spearsmen stood, and down the lines of steel threescore maidens danced. At the entrance to the pavilion the ruby stallion stood surrounded by his guards. From copper altars the blue smoke of incense arose and threw faint shadows on the Emir's gleaming armor.

The poets were conducted to lower seats beside the Emir, who met them with arms extended, as befitted men with the gift of gods. Then one, named Hammad, took a rebec and sang the glories of the Sinbisiten and of the world-fame of their mighty chief. And Malik ibn Auf shouted and laughed, so great was his joy at the praises of the poets.

After seven days the poets said they had never seen so grand an Emir, but that they must leave him and hasten to tell other chiefs of the greatness and generosity of the Sinbisiten. And Malik gave them much silver, new garments and fine horses. Salim, dressed in the black robes of a monk, refused a share of the gifts. When Malik ibn Auf asked why this one had refused, Hammad made answer: "This man, O Master, is not of us. We met him in the desert and he asked to accompany us, saying he was going to Damascus to become a Moslem. Up to this time he has been a Christian and his life has been most strange."

Malik then questioned the disguised monk, who said:

"O, my noble master; I am a Ghassenide. I have lived since my youth in a monastery, where I followed the teachings of the Messiah. When I prayed in the full of the last moon I heard a voice that said: 'Ghassenide, leave the creed of the Christ and become a Moslem!' Right and left I looked about me but could see nothing. Again I prayed, and again—though I saw nothing—the same voice called out: 'Doff the robes of the monk and don the garb of the Prophet, Ghassenide!' This happened a third time, the voice adding: 'Malik ibn Auf, the Sinbisiten, is a true follower; seek him out and in good time signs will be given.' The next morning I filled my wallet with gold and left the monastery. Why, then, should I take money when I need it not, or wear other raiment till I have become a follower of the Prophet in name, as I am in spirit? Though not of this band, I, too, am a poet; but as my lips have been sealed in thy tents, O Master, I cannot share in thy gifts."

Much pleased and surprised was Malik ibn Auf at the words of the pretended Ghassenide, and he said: "If the heart be honest, all garments are holy. Within a few days I go to Damascus; tarry thou with me till then. We can make the journey together, and together we can kneel in the sacred chancel and repeat the Friday prayer."

Salim bowed low and said: "It is well. Before the voice sent me to Malik ibn Auf I was my own master; now am I his slave and all my trust is in Allah—and in thee, O Emir of the Sinbisiten!"

And so the heart of Malik ibn Auf warmed to the Ghassenide. To him he gave the chamber of honor, and calling his servants and guards, he told them they must obey his guest in all things. After the wandering poets had gone, the Emir treated as a brother the Ghassenide, and was with him so much that his wife complained and said: "Harm is coming when the master neglects his wife for a stranger."

Tall and young and pleasant to the sight was Salim. He taught the boys to use their mimic bows and lances. He chanted when the women were near; and that they might not forget him, he spent much time near the well where the young girls came to fill their water jars and to bathe and laugh with faces uncovered. He gave gold to the old men and amulets to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the old women; and he pitched his prayer-tent near to the stable of the ruby stallion. And the Ghassenide made friends with the stable guards and called them "brothers." He found that the guards liked wine, and, though it was against the teaching of the Koran, he brought them wine and patted their backs and praised their care of the wonderful horse.

One night a guard said: "To-night, O Ghassenide, we feast with you; to-morrow night, when the Emir is asleep, you feast with us; and you will live to be old ere you forget it." This pleased the Ghassenide. He gave the guards much salted mutton that they might have a sweeter thirst for wine; and he slipped gold into their pouches. While the hearts of the guards went out to the Ghassenide that night, their eyes grew heavy, but he said: "Fear not to sleep, my brothers, the ruby stallion will be safe in my keeping."

When the guards awoke on the morrow the sun was shining, and the Ghassenide and the stallion were gone.

. . . . . .

When Malik ibn Auf learned that the Ghassenide and the stallion were missing he drew his sword and would have slain the guards, but his cousin, Dschabir, who was strong and wise, stayed his hand; so Malik called out: "Oh, faithless servants, where is the stallion I set thee to guard?"

"O Master," whined the guards, "you told us to obey the honored guest—the Ghassenide, who would soon become a Moslem!"

At once the Emir mounted his men and bade them ride to all quarters, till they had found the stallion and the monk who had stolen him. And so it was that one of the parties came upon Sul dressed as was the Ghassenide; and but for Dschabir they would have slain him. They took the prisoner's gold and bound his arms behind him; then one asked: "Where is our Master's stallion?"

"I know nothing of a stallion," said Sul. "Have you lost one?"

They cursed him and waved their hands; and Sul went on: "I, too, have lost a great treasure; it is Shumul," but they ground their teeth and cursed still more.

When Sul was brought before Malik ibn Auf he looked not like a thief. The Emir said: "Hah! This is the horse-thief; yet has he greatly changed. Take him away, Dschabir, and do with him as you will." When Dschabir had taken the prisoner to the empty stable and questioned him, he made answer: "By Allah, I swear that I know not what you would have! I am Sul, the son of Khattaff, the Emir of Beni Zed, and I am searching for Shumul—Shumul, my bride, my beloved——"

Dschabir waved his hand to silence the prisoner, for he was greatly perplexed. He went back to the Emir and said: "His clothes are those of the Ghassenide, and like him he is one to win men and to please women with sweet speech; yet his eyes and his tongue tell of one who has long lived toward the South."

When Malik ibn Auf heard this, he ordered that the prisoner be again brought before him, first loosening his bonds. When Sul saw the Emir he called out: "O Master, I am no thief, but Sul, the son of Khattaff, Emir of Yamen, and I am searching for Shumul. Know you aught of Shumul the beautiful? Shumul, my bride, my beloved——"

Sul would have said more, for youth talks from a full heart, but the Emir cried out: "All robbers pretend to be sons of chiefs! I can hear no more from a man who has lost a woman and forgets the greater anguish of him who has lost a horse. Take him back and set guards over him. If he be not the Ghassenide I want, yet is he of the cloth; and he looks as if it would gladden him to steal a woman or a horse." So Sul was again made prisoner in the stable.

Again Malik ibn Auf sent out messengers and spies to learn of the stallion. After many days all, save one, returned, but they brought no news. The man who did not return was Dschabir, the cousin of Malik ibn Auf.

Three days after the others Dschabir came back. "What tidings, O cousin?" asked the Emir.

"I have news of the stallion," answered Dschabir.

"Have you found him?"

"No; but I have learned that the horse is with Muhalil ibn Welid, Emir of the Tajjiten."

"How came he there?"

"Muhalil's follower, Salim, was the robber. It was he who, disguised as a Ghassenide, came here with the wandering poets. It was he who would renounce the Christ and become a Moslem. May all the curses of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Eblis befall him! Yet must I laugh at the cunning and the courage of the thief!"

. . . . . .

When Malik had heard all, the veins swelled in his throat, and like a lion he roared: "By Allah! the end of the Tajjiten has come! Muhalil may steal my horse, but, unless he mounts soon, he will never ride him!"

Dschabir heard this and said: "Thy life, O Master, is more to us than the worth of all the stallions in Syria. The Tajjiten are powerful and have friends. Let us summon our allies. When they have come, then we can march against the horse-thieves."

Malik ibn Auf saw that this counsel was good, so he at once sent out messengers to summon his allies. Soon the sun was clouded with the dust of swarming horsemen. By thousands they came and, wherever turned, the flashing of swords and spears pained the eyes.

While these preparations for war went on, Sul, who had been freed from his bonds and brought from the stable, saw not and heard not. All his thoughts were of Shumul, and these thoughts fell in verses from his lips. With eyes tear-dimmed, the women drew near to listen, and among the women was the wife of Malik ibn Auf, who said to her husband: "Hear Sul of Yamen, and from his lips learn what true love is." But Malik answered:

"Never again will I listen to a poet in the garb of a Ghassenide. But as lovesick poets never fight, I will leave this Sul back to amuse the women and children."

After a great feast, Malik ibn Auf and his 30,000 followers and allies rode for the land of the Tajjiten. Behind was left Dschabir with five hundred men, to guard the camp.

Each day thereafter, Malik's wife, with the fairest women of the Sinbisiten, came to Sul and begged that he would tell of the lost Shumul and recite her praises, for next to being loved, women delight most to hear of the loves of others. And though Sul's verses made the women weep, yet they grew not weary, but came to weep again, for the tears of a love story bring a quiet joy.

One day the wife of Malik ibn Auf—she was a joy to the sight—brought fresh milk and fruit to Sul and said: "How long, O Sul of Yamen, wilt thou keep thy heart clouded and our eyes in tears? Thou art young. If your Shumul were dead, would there not be other beautiful women in the world?"

And Sul said: "Yes, but not for me. If Shumul were dead my eyes would become blind and the kisses would wither on my lips."

This did not so much please the women, for they thought the young man was not as wise as he was beautiful. Malik's wife laid her hand on Sul's shoulder and said: "Come to my tent and let me advise with thee. Look about thee and see if the daughters of the Sinbisiten be not as fair as any between the eastern rivers and the western sea. Join our people. Love one of our maidens, or let her love thee, and soon that love will heal thy woe for the vanished Shumul. I speak what is reason."

"The poets say that love is deaf to reason," said Sul.

Malik's wife answered: "And the poets say that time heals all wounds, even those of love."

"Yet I would not be healed of my wounds," said Sul. "But I will wait and see what time works; meanwhile I shall feel affection for those who gave me tears in my sorrow and sweet words for my loss."

The Emir's wife and the girls of the tribe were much pleased to hear this, and they went away whispering and with smiles in their eyes."

. . . . . .

And with loud songs in praise of past victories, Malik ibn Auf and his army rode for the country of the Tajjiten. At mid-sun of the third day they saw a dust-cloud to the front, and out of the dust cloud galloped five who looked like merchants. To these five men Malik sent his son, Auf, who said:

"Who are you? Tell me at once, or I will slay you!"

One made answer: "We belong to the Beni Zohra. We heard there was war between the Sinbisiten and the Tajjiten. The gain of war comes to neighbors who do not fight; so we have come to see what we can find on the sands when the battle is over."

Auf asked: "Heard you aught of the army of Muhalil ibn Welid?"

"We heard that Muhalil has a mighty army. He has sent 18,000 men to attack the Sinbisiten camp while Malik ibn Auf is away. We were riding thither to buy the plunder."

Then Auf led the strangers to his father

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and made them tell what they had heard of Muhalil's designs.

"By Allah! I dreamt not of this!" cried the Emir. "But I will turn back and catch the Tajjiten in their own trap."

With all his army Malik rode quickly back and when he came within sight of his own camp his heart fell, for he saw that it was surrounded by Muhalil's horsemen.

Through spies, chief among whom was Salim, Muhalil had learned all about the movements and intentions of the Sinbisiten.

One night Salim stole into the Sinbisiten camp and crept to the place where Sul sat reciting with Malik's wife and the other women about him, for in time of war women most delight to hear of love. And so it was that Salim heard of Shumul; and then he knew that Sul was the youth she was going to marry when the girl-stealers came down and bore her away. Then into Salim's heart there came a hatred for Sul, and he wrote on a white paper, where Sul would find it on the morrow: "Thy Shumul is a captive in the camp of the Tajjiten, and before another full moon she will be the wife of Salim, the standard-bearer of Muhalil ibn Welid."

When Sul found the paper he sent for Malik's wife.

He said to her: "Bring to me a sword and spear and a soldier's garb. It is not right that I should sit weeping for Shumul when the foe are near the tents of my friends."

"Soldiers are many and poets few," said one.

"Yet will I do as Sul wishes," said the wife of Malik ibn Auf. "To women he sings best who fights best for them." And so she brought to Sul a mail suit of Malik's, with sword and spear and a quiver of ebon arrows and a strong steel bow from Damascus.

On the morrow Dschabir sent to Sul the best horse in the camp. When he vaulted into the saddle he waved his sword and shouted:

"Slay the stealers of stallions! Death to the captors of Shumul!"

When Dschabir and his men saw Sul and heard his words, they wondered greatly; Dschabir asked: "Where would Sul be?" and Sul made answer: "Where the spears of the Tajjiten are thickest and their swords fall the fastest. Long have I wept for Shumul; to-day I fight for my bride!"

The men who heard this shook their heads and whispered: "Love has made the youth mad." And Dschabir said: "Love is a joyous madness, but if it make men fight the better, then would I have all soldiers in love."

. . . . . .

Great was the joy of the Tajjiten when Salim returned and told that there were but five hundred men under Dschabir to guard the camp of Malik ibn Auf. An attack was ordered, and a messenger was sent with the facts to Muhalil, who straightway ordered his horsemen to pass around the Sinbisiten army. Next day they came up with Salim, whom they found bleeding and covered with dust. And Salim called out:

"With a force twenty times as strong as Dschabir's we to-day three times charged the camp, and three times we have been driven back, leaving many wounded and dead in the hands of the Sinbisiten."

Then Muhalil swore, and the ruby stallion on which he sat tossed his black mane and neighed as if for joy. "I will lead the next

"Begged that he would tell of the lost Shumul."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

attack!" the Emir cried. "Not all the Sinbisiten with all the Djinns for allies can drive me back!"

"Hold, my Master!" shouted Salim. "The Sinbisiten have a new ally—one man, a youth—but before him our bravest quail and our strongest grow weak. Many great men have I seen in battle, but never one like this. He must bear the holy talisman, for his sword shattered my spear as if it were a child's reed, and our arrows splintered on his cuirass as if it were the skin of the holy eagle."

"Who is this man?" asked Muhalil.

"That I know not; but, as like death he swept through our ranks he shouted so that his voice drowned the din of battle: 'Death and a dog's grave for the robbers of Shumul!' This Shumul, O my Master, is the maiden you promised me. By the Prophet's beard, I am glad I have not married her, for if she be like——"

But Muhalil refused to hear more, for he thought Salim's wounds had set his wits a-wandering. He then ordered his men to encircle the Sinbisiten camp. While they were doing this the thunder of many hoofs rolled in from the north. Then amid a whirlwind of spears, Malik ibn Auf dashed down. While it was growing dark, the Tajjiten gave ground and the Sinbisiten were united. And when Dschabir reported the deeds of Sul, Malik sent for the youth and said as he embraced him: "It gladdens my eyes to see that thou hast cast away the garb of the accursed Ghassenide, and it rejoices my heart to know there is one who can fight even better than he sings."

. . . . . .

About his standards Muhalil, with his chiefs, held a council that night, and when they heard of the deeds of the youth, Sul, they were much troubled. They agreed that one man, the bravest and strongest in all their army, should be chosen to meet this wonderful warrior of the Sinbisiten, saying: "Malik ibn Auf is weaker than we, and he will be glad to risk the life of this stranger in the combat." And so it was agreed to select Muharrib, the swordsman of Askalon, whom none in play or combat had ever mastered.

Now this Muharrib had a long black beard and was of giant stature, and so great was his weight that but few horses could bear it. But when Muharrib consented and complained that he had no fit horse, Muhalil ibn Welid said: "I will let you ride my ruby stallion, and if you win he is yours."

Muharrib laughed aloud with joy when he heard these words; but when Muhalil told him that he would also give him his daughter, Reihana, for wife, he said: "I was one of those who, for the hope of gold, stole Shumul the beautiful from the tents of Khattaff, Emir of the Beni Zed. This maid is still in your keeping; give her to me when I win and I will make no claim to the ruby stallion."

And Muhalil agreed to this, nor would he be reminded that he had pledged the maiden to Salim—for had he not also promised her in writing to the Caliph of Cairo?

Early on the morrow, when Malik ibn Auf was placing his army in order, a white flag appeared from the Tajjiten army, and when the bearer had come near he shouted: "I come from my high and mighty master, Muhalil ibn Welid of the Tajjiten, to repeat these, his words: 'We dare the Sinbisiten to settle this war, so that without more blood we may return to our homes, by choosing a champion who shall meet our champion, Muharrib, and fight it out to the death!' What is your reply?"

Now the fame and the fear of Muharrib had spread through all Syria, and even into Persia beyond the great rivers. Malik ibn Auf grew pale, for he cared not to risk his cause on such a contest, and the bravest of his followers stood mute, yet they lacked not valor, but knew that more than this was needed to meet in combat the master sword of Askalon.

Then Sul came forward and said to Malik ibn Auf: "Allah guided me here that I might hear of Shumul, my beloved. Yesterday I learned that she is a prisoner in the camp of the Tajjiten, and thither I go, if my life is left. You have seen that I am not a Ghassenide in battle. To-day I wear the armor of the Sinbisiten and fight under their standard. Therefore I beg you let me meet this Muharrib. For his Emir and his tribe a man may do much in battle, but he is as a child compared with him who fights for his beloved. See, I am ready."

When Malik ibn Auf and his cousin, Dschabir, had talked for some time apart—the while measuring Sul with their eyes—they returned, and the Emir said to the messenger of Muhalil:

"Sul is our champion. Tell Muharrib to meet him between the lines. And may

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The thunder of many hoofs rolled in from the north."

Allah defend the right and eternally confound all horse-thieves!"

Never before had such a sight been seen as that on which the followers of Malik ibn Auf and Muhalil ibn Welid gazed. The Tajjiten were ordered in four great sweeping lines, and, that all might see the combat, 10,000 dismounted swordsmen advanced and sat on the ground. In a second line 10,000 men knelt, each grasping his steel bow. Behind these stood 10,000 spearsmen from the plains below Askalon. Encircling these was a wall of shields held up to the sun by 10,000 mounted men, representing bands from all the Tajjiten allies; and over all there waved the red banners of the Emirs; but the standard of Muhalil was green, for he was a descendant of the Prophet.

When Muharrib saw Sul coming, he shook with the thunder of his own laughter, and he called out: "Ho! ho! Where is your beard? Or has Malik ibn Auf sent a woman against me?"

"My master would have sent a goat if hair was to decide the contest," said Sul, and his sword flashed out.

"They tell me your name is Sul of Yamen, and that Shumul, whom I bore away from your father's people, was pledged to you. Do the Beni Zed let children marry who are not ready to be weaned? Know, that after I have slain you, I shall marry Shumul. Now, boy, enjoy the air, for you have not many breaths left." Then Muharrib drew his sword, gave a great shout, and drove his spurs till ruby blood poured from the stallion's sides.

With the sweep of an eagle the ruby stallion dashed at Sul, the giant crouching to give force to the thrust of his advanced blade. The Sinbisiten grew cold and groaned, for no mortal could withstand the onset of that man and horse. When it seemed that Sul, who was advancing slowly, must be hurled to earth, he suddenly wheeled his horse, let Muharrib dash by him on the right, then he shouted: "For Allah and Shumul!" and he was by Muharrib's side. A great cheer went up from the Sinbisiten when they saw the giant trying to turn, with Sul's spear crushing against his heart. The ruby stallion reeled; it seemed that Muharrib must fall, but he straightened up and roared for joy. The lance had splintered on his breastplate. Then the thunder of forty thousand voices rolled out from the Tajjiten ranks.

Again the horses faced. Sul quickly tried his arrows, but they crumbled like earth-balls on the helmet of the giant. His sword alone was left, a weak boy's lath opposed to the mighty blade in the grasp of the master swordsman of Askalon mounted on the fleetest horse in the world.

Again the horsemen advanced at a gallop. There was a great crash that rang through both armies and the Sinbisiten women wept and veiled their faces, and Malik and his followers groaned when they saw the giant's spear spitting Sul's horse and hurling him to the sand.

"All is lost! We are the slaves of the cursed Tajjiten!" cried Malik ibn Auf, as he smote his breast.

But Dschabir, always cool and wise, restrained the Emir, saying: "Wait, wait,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

my Master! Till Sul be dead the battle must be undecided."

Then, to the wonder of all, Sul threw off his quiver and all his armor, keeping only his sword in his right hand.

Muharrib reined in the ruby stallion and again rang out the thunder of his laughter: "Ho, ho! The boy is preparing for the grave, and it is for me to make the corpse! Cry not to Allah, for to-day his back is turned on thy people!"

Again the ruby stallion dashed forward and the flame-tipped lance was advanced.

Sul avoided the blow by suddenly dropping beside his dead horse, in whose body the lance was again buried and the shaft was broken.

Muharrib reined in to draw his sword. The blade had stuck in the scabbard, and he shouted an oath of anger.

"Look up, Malik ibn Auf! Unveil your faces, O women! Wave the banners of the Sinbisiten and their allies!" Dschabir the wise shouted.

"What is it?" asked Malik, but his own eyes gave the answer.

With the quick leap of a tiger, Sul, sword in hand, had run forward and, with a great bound, was behind the giant on the back of the ruby stallion.

"Stealer of women and profaner of God's shrine! I am the avenger of Shumul!"

Before Muharrib could turn, Sul's sword flashed around the hairy throat. The great body reeled and fell with a crash from the saddle.

Sul replaced his own armor, then taking Muharrib's sword, he rode the ruby stallion to the Sinbisiten ranks.

The unveiled women sobbed for joy. The banners waved like a silken sea, and 30,000 men clanged sword on shield as Sul, the victor, rode up to Malik ibn Auf and said:

"With Allah's help I have rescued thy ruby stallion, O Master; now help me to rescue my Shumul!"

Great was the joy of the Sinbisiten. Malik ibn Auf would have ordered his men to advance had not Muhalil ibn Welid rode out with Salim bearing a white flag. And Muhalil said:

"O Emir of the Sinbisiten, I come to ask for peace. My people are many and brave, but we see it is madness to fight against a youth to whom Allah has given the invincible sword of the Prophet!"

Before Malik could answer Sul said:

"Bring hither my Shumul, whom you hold captive, then may we talk of peace."

Muhalil said: "It shall be so." And then a truce was pledged between the Sinbisiten and Tajjiten, and it was kept unbroken till all who made it were dead.

After four days Shumul was brought to the camp of the Sinbisiten, and those who saw her beauty wondered not at Sul's great love.

And after Sul and Shumul were wed in the pavilion of Malik ibn Auf, and the great feast was over, a thousand spearmen accompanied them to the country of the Beni Zed.

. . . . . .

When the story of Sul and Shumul was ended, Dunjazad kissed her sister Schahrazad and whispered: "I would die to win a love like Sul's." But Schahrazad said: "Better, far better, to live with a love like that, my sister."

TO HER.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

WITHIN her presence wistful and serene—
I bared my heart and reverently stood;
Such gentle mysteries mine eyes have seen
Only in silence of a buried wood.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LYNDHURST.

Miss Helen Gould's country place at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

THE PERSONALITY OF HELEN GOULD.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

AT the burning of the Windsor Hotel in New York several years ago, Miss Helen Gould—Helen Miller Gould, to give her full name—threw open her house on the adjoining corner to the injured and dying. That she should have turned her home into a temporary hospital, to the possible detriment, as one writer suggests, of "thousands of dollars' worth of costly carpets, furniture and tapestries," was no doubt fine, but not so very much above the human average of action. Most of us can be reached by a dramatic cry for help, a pitiful, obvious tragedy flung in front of our windows. But Miss Gould's true claims to the hearts of her countrymen lie in faithful, undramatic, day-by-day service: the ready help, here for a struggling student, there for a crippled child; the long hours of work on committees by which some public end is achieved; the thousand good deeds of which even her own right hand does not know, so modest is the left.

This young woman—for at thirty-five in this strenuous generation a woman is decidedly young—is known the world over as a philanthropist; yet she has not acquired the "Lady Bountiful" habit of mind. She has been saved from it by the grace of her strong, serene common sense.

She is not a sentimental giver. There is heart in all she does, but no gush. Her charities are as sanely conducted as if they were a business enterprise. To their guidance she brings a knowledge of law acquired by a course in the law school of the University of New York, where she studied for several years, but did not graduate, to avoid the inevitable notoriety. In her New York house, at Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, there is an office for charity work, presided over by two secretaries and a typewriter, and with telephone communication with her own room. A representative in her name makes daily visits to various hospitals, carrying books and flowers, providing a free cot when one is needed; or an invalid's chair, or perhaps work for some stranded woman discharged as cured. All is orderly and sane and efficient.

The world has had little chance to know the personality of the young philanthropist it has so praised and admired. Those who have met her have found a small, dark-haired and sweet-faced young woman,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

unassuming, yet with a gracious little dignity of her own; given to quiet, tailor-made gowns of black or gray; and firmly averse to the publicity that dogs the movements of the great. To know her, one must see Miss Gould in her country place, Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where she spends half the year. There she is seldom without visitors — not formal house parties, formally entertained, but friends, often self-supporting girls, who come for a week or six weeks, to visit on the simple basis of companionship. For these there are half a dozen horses in the stable; and a riding master comes up from New York to accompany and teach the less proficient. On summer mornings Miss Gould and her guests will be up at half-past six, fortified with coffee, and off into the country lanes, riding hatless and shirt-waisted in the freedom of that early hour. It is not park riding—that is for her Winter months in New York—but good, happy, country galloping, with sometimes a brisk race against a shower by way of excitement. For Miss Gould fears thunder as some women do mice: there is no tranquil waiting under a tree for her when the cannonade begins.

Half-past nine sees her back again, ready for breakfast. In the quiet hours that follow, when the large correspondence has been disposed of and the *chef's* programme for the day has been approved or revised, there is often reading aloud—of a serious order first, for Miss Gould belongs to the generation that has qualms of conscience at beginning the day with a novel. Perhaps it will be some book on trees, for she is deeply and intelligently interested in tree and plant life of every sort, and can tell the names of the strange ferns and orchids in her greenhouses as another might recognize mignonette and pansies. When novels are chosen, they are not of a frivolous kind, and she has more than once put aside some book because it became too—what some would call modern, but what she frankly calls unpleasant. The others were of course free to finish it by themselves if they chose; she did not care to go on with it, either aloud or alone.

A SNAPSHOT OF MISS HELEN GOULD

And, indeed, Miss Gould is distinctly not a modern. A certain fine old-fashionedness shows in her moral attitude. Certainly she is the opposite of the emancipated bachelor woman whose fine feminine sense of delicacy has been blunted by her impatience of con-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE DINING-ROOM, LYNDHURST.

vention. Miss Gould is in all things dutiful —in her social relations as in her work. Her friends would readily excuse so busy a woman if she chose not to make calls; but she goes diligently down her list every Winter, and contributes several big receptions to each season. This same dutifulness shows in her religion, for she is a stanch Presbyterian and has slight patience with those who shrug at things divine.

This strong sense of duty, mixed with a great deal of loving kindness, is what has kept her from being spoiled by the possession of great wealth. It is not a trifling matter to have grown up surrounded by the devout personal service money commands, and yet to have kept a care for the small comforts of others—to enjoy bringing a cushion for a friend's elbow, or to take an active satisfaction in tucking up a tired guest on a comfortable divan. And these little deeds are not spoiled by self-conscious graciousness; they are as simply impulsive as if waiting on others had been part of her daily life. And, indeed, in her personal life there has been much room for ministry, for her mother was an invalid, and Jay Gould, her father, for years before his death was a sufferer.

It was the Cuban war that offered Miss Gould her chance to express the strong sense of patriotism that was in her. She has always taken an active interest in the affairs of the government; and, believing the war righteous, she proved her faith by turning over to the National Government $100,000 toward its cost. Soon after this she gave $25,000 to aid the Woman's National Relief Association and, besides, uncounted gifts for the hospitals as well as unstinted personal service. But the mere writing of checks does not make a philanthropist. Miss Gould's desert rests even more on her generous giving of herself—her time, strength and sympathy —than of her millions. Soldier and sailor, both, have benefited. Over $400,000 have gone to the club and home for sailors recently built near the Brooklyn Navy Yard —an institution that serves to keep "Jack ashore" thrifty and sober. Colleges have felt her interest in education, and it was her $250,000 that accomplished the splendid library building of the New York University, as well as her $100,000 that made the Hall of Fame possible.

Of Miss Gould's charities perhaps the favorite is the home for sick and crippled children at Woodycrest, near her Irvington place. To the big stone house high up in the hills, children in all stages of bodily disrepair are brought from the slums of New York to try what fresh air and good food and cleanliness can do for them. There is a little study every day, lessons in sewing, housework and carpentry, for those old and strong enough, and unlimited outdoor fun. Daily relays of " Helen's Babies," as they have been called, go driving in the Gould

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MISS GOULD'S BEDROOM AT LYNDHURST

wagonette, often with Miss Gould herself as hostess; for she has the gentle sympathy that wins children, and her appearance is always the signal for an eager rush. It is a rather pathetic rush sometimes; there are so many small crutches involved. For the children she is a friend worth having, who tells stories worth hearing, and who brings good things such as their lives have never known before. For these are the real waifs, often the products of such slums as the average daughter of wealth has never seen. Miss Gould's charity is no respecter of conditions or personalities. In connection with the free cots that exist in various hospitals through her yearly check, one hears with pleasure of two furnished in a certain Babies' Shelter—"for the two most uninteresting babies."

But in all this giving there is nothing indiscriminate. The thousand or so petitioners who bombard her weekly find this out. It takes a strong character to keep patient and undismayed under the ceaseless, merciless begging to which she is subjected. Once, as a protest, she had her secretary make a list of the petitions received in one week, and mailed this, in the form of a printed circular, to subsequent petitioners. The list begins bravely with a request for $1,000,000 with which to found a colony in Cuba, goes on with 231 requests for money, 91 for loans, 149 for sums to raise mortgages, etc., shows 5 who wish to sell manuscripts and 7 who are anxious to name their little girls Helen G., one who longs for $500 with which to erect a monument to a parent, 4 modest young women who would like help toward their trousseaux (one suggesting $2,000 as a neat and appropriate sum), 18 crank letters and 32 requests for interviews. In all, the seven days showed 1,303 letters, each asking something. But 363 of the writers specified the sums desired, and these alone, if obliged, would have relieved Miss Gould of $1,548,502. Only a very level head and a very gentle heart can retain their optimism against such evidence of human greed as this. And without optimism such a life work as hers would be impossible.

The late Jay Gould, whose millions are being thus dispersed, did not bear the reputation of being a philanthropic man. Yet his daughter attributes to his influence all her love of giving and her knowledge of the wisest ways to give. The obligation of the rich to the poor was taught her while she was still in the nursery, and she has followed it with a zeal that has brought its own reward in a life full of interest and affection. In her own words, "the more one tries to help others, the more one loves to do it." And in thus spending her days in a labor that means genuine, positive pleasure to herself as well as material profit to others, perhaps Helen Gould is more to be envied than any other woman in America.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JOURNEY'S END

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Calthrop, a young English aristocrat, left penniless by the death of his father, who had been unfortunate with American stocks, determines to seek his fortune abroad. He sails for New York, and finally secures lodgings near his friend Strothers, temporarily absent in Chicago, and employment as salesman at a photographer's on Broadway. Here he recognizes a portrait of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, a beautiful, promising young star, whom he had admired already in England. It is soon after her visit to the shop that Calthrop conceives the idea of writing a play for her and forgets Molly, his young English *fiancee* at home in Hartwell Towers. In the meanwhile a dull business season necessitates the dismissal until September of one of the clerks, and the red-haired young saleswoman, who has fallen in love with Calthrop, sacrifices herself to the interest of the latter. The play is now written, and Carter, the actor, having returned by this, reads it one night.

CHAPTER IX.

CALTHROP reached the Broadway shop a bit late the next morning, and to his amazement—for he had forgotten that it was the first of September—found the red-haired young woman unpacking a box of views behind the counter. She had not quite the frivolous and holiday air of two or three weeks before, and the white summer frock had perforce given way to something soberer, but she was never the plain young woman of the past spring.

Moreover, on this particular morning she bore a certain brightness as to the eyes, a softened glow, and as to the cheeks, a little flush that came and went. It was most becoming,

"Well, of all the jolly surprises!" cried Calthrop, seizing heartily upon the young woman's hand. "I'd quite forgotten that to-day is the first of September!"

"Had you?" said she. "I hadn't," and she looked away from Calthrop's face.

"We—we've had good news, mother and I," she said presently.

"What!" cried Calthrop. "Not the—not the suit at law? You haven't really won?" The young woman nodded. Calthrop took both her hands and pumped them up and down violently.

"By Jove!" he cried. "I couldn't be more delighted if I'd had a windfall myself! Isn't it great? Isn't it ripping? And now you'll be going up to the little white house in Danbury—green blinds and syringas and dogwood and orchard and all!—and a cat——" he begged; "please say there'll be a cat."

"Yes," said the young woman. "There'll be a cat—she will sleep on the porch in the sunshine, and she'll have a little door of her own into the scullery, and the kiddies shall pull her tail and put papers on her feet."

"That's it, that's it!" said young Calthrop eagerly. "That's just the thing! I call it all simply immense. You're not half glad enough about it all. You should be quite maudlin—but I say," he objected in a puzzled tone, "what—what in the world are you doing back here in the shop? If everything is going so well, why aren't you moving the goods to Connecticut? I don't understand."

"Why," said the young woman, looking away, "why, you see it will take a little while to get everything settled up—there. There's no hurry—why, I like the shop—I ——" she turned toward him and dropped her arms at her sides with a queer little gesture of—as it were, surrender.

Calthrop laughed appreciatively.

"You Americans are such a lot to chaff!" said he. "One never knows when you're serious or when you're in fun. You're all alike: you love to joke."

"Do we?" murmured the red-haired young woman, bending with a sudden interest over a very excellent view of the village of Zermatt with the Matterhorn in the middle distance.

„But I," said Calthrop, "I've good news, too. At least, I hope it will turn out to be good. Now, what should you say I'd been doing this summer—besides selling photographs, of course?"

"Why—why, I'm sure I don't know," faltered the young woman. "I haven't an idea—not learning to play baseball?" she ventured. He shook his head.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Writing a play," he declared. "Fancy, will you!"

"Oh-h-h!" cried the red-haired young woman, clasping her hands rapturously. "A play—a real play? Not—not for——?"

"Yes," said Calthrop, "for Miss Berkeley, and I think it's a good play, too. Heaven send I'm right! There's an actor, a chap named Carter, who lives over at my diggings in Twenty-fourth Street, and he is reading the thing now. He's going to make suggestions about the stage business and all that, you know. And he's going to see about getting the thing before the right people. It's all dreadfully in the air yet, isn't it? You'd hardly call it good news, would you? But somehow—well, I believe in that play. I know it's good. I've faith in it. I tell you, I've written the very heart out of me. It's bound to succeed; I won't have anything else."

"Succeed?" said the red-haired young woman, smiling up at him, "succeed! Of course it will succeed! Why, I'm as sure of that as you could be. Succeed?—rather! And I," she went on eagerly, "I shall go to the opening night of it and see its triumph, and hear everybody shouting 'Author! Author!' and I shall see you come out in front of the curtain looking very, very scared and make a nice little speecha, nd I shall be simply dying to tell everybody around me, 'Why, I know the author. I've known him for months. I knew all about this play before even Miss Berkeley did, and I said you would all be doing to-night just what you are doing. Don't you wish you were I?' That's what I shall want to say. Oh, I shall be just as proud as you are—more so, probably, for I daresay you won't be proud at all. It would be so like you."

Calthrop threw up his hands, laughing.

"Heavens, what a wealth of detail!" he cried. "I say, you know, we'd best leave all that first night business till the play's been at least read. I'm afraid my opinion of it isn't the safest one to go by."

"But this—this actor, Carter," said the young woman, presently, "are you quite sure that he is all right, that he is the proper sort to trust the play to? Do you know anything about him?"

"Carter?" queried young Calthrop, looking a bit troubled. "Oh, Carter's all right." He shook his head. "No, Carter wouldn't do anything out of the way. He's a good enough sort, I'm sure. What could he do to the play, anyhow? No, I've no fears of Carter. By the way, I daresay I shall get an opinion from him this evening about it all. He said he meant to read it last night."

And indeed Calthrop had hardly come in from dinner that evening when the actor was down with the packet of manuscript.

Calthrop lighted a pipe, rather nervously—it required several matches—and swallowed an anxious lump in the throat.

"Well?" said he. "Well? You've read the thing? Don't—don't be afraid to damn it, you know."

Carter laid the manuscript on the little writing table and sat down. He regarded the Englishman through narrowed lids.

"'Damn it?'" said he, slowly. "No; oh no, I'm not prepared to damn it at all."

"Ah-h!" breathed young Calthrop, softly.

"It seems to me," continued the actor, "that it's a pretty good thing." He spoke slowly and as if he were choosing his words with some care. "A good thing, that is, in many ways. Of course, it's a bit amateurish and—and impracticable at certain points, but there's where I can help you out, you know. There's where the actual stage experience must come in. The thing is just a bit literary—you see what I mean? It's got to be made a little more dramatic. I can do that—in fact," he went on, lifting the typewritten sheets, one by one, "I've been giving it some attention to-day. If you'll just have a look at it here—and here—and here—you will see what I've done."

Young Calthrop looked over the alterations and additions and his heart sank.

"I say, you *have* chopped it up a bit, haven't you?" he cried. It seemed to him that Carter had gone far toward ruining the play, and that all these incongruous speeches put into the mouths of the characters at the ends of already rounded scenes, or in the midst of carefully calculated periods, were breaking all the flow and symmetry of the dialogue. It seemed to him that the business which Carter had indicated here and there was absurd.

"Why," said he, "I—I can't agree with you about all of these things. It seems to me that a good many of them rather jar on one, but—well, of course, you know best. You can tell better than I how the thing is going to look and sound—of course, I'm—well, tremendously grateful and—and all that! It's more than good of you to take such a lot of trouble!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Don't mention it, my dear boy," said the American, raising his hand theatrically. "I am always glad to lend a hand to struggling—er, genius. Don't mention it," and he folded his arms and looked benevolent.

"Then you think," ventured young Calthrop, "you think it's really good? You think it w ll go as it stands now?"

"I won't say it will go," demurred the American. "That is too much to promise of any play. I think it ought to go, and moreover, it's suited undoubtedly to Evelyn Berkeley. It's pretty and idyllic and all that, but at the same time it's got genuine strength. That Mariana is a fat part, you can't get around that."

"Then you'll try to get it read, considered?" asked young Calthrop, moistening his lips.

"By all means. I wrote to Freeman today asking for an interview. He knows me and knows I wouldn't bother him with trash. He'll read the play all right. Of course," he went on, "of course, you must expect some little delay. Those things are not done all at once, but just you leave it all to me and I'll see you through with it. I'll let you know from time to time how everything's going."

He took up the manuscript once more and rose to his feet.

"I'll just have a fresh copy of this made," said he, "embodying the alterations, you know—no, you needn't bother about it yourself; I know of a place where they'll do it for me very quickly. We can settle about it later on. Good-night, old man; I'm off to bed."

"Good-night, good-night," said young Calthrop heartily. "By Jove, you're a—you're an awfully good old chap, you know. I—I hadn't a shadow of claim upon you for all this, but I sha'n't forget it. And to think," he went on when Carter was gone, "to think that I called that chap a bounder when I met him first!"

His eye roamed absently over the picture of the Honorable Molly Hartwell and out of the window into the blue-black night and beyond that into a golden future, which was a medley of popular applause, of the consciousness of work well done—and then of Miss Evelyn Berkeley. His pulses stirred at the very thought.

"But 'castles in Spain'!" he thought, laughing, and shook himself free of such senseless, frivolous dreams.

CHAPTER X.

THE following week was a sort of nightmare that young Calthrop forever after endeavored industriously to forget—a nightmare of uncertainty, of waiting, of bright hopes one day, to be followed by depths of hopeless depression the next. No sign came from Carter, and young Calthrop was unwilling to ask for news. He did not wish to seem over anxious or pressing and he realized that more or less delay was inevitable. Still Carte might have dropped in of an

"He regarded the Englishman through narrowed lids."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

evening to report any progress, at least to talk the thing over. It was most peculiar.

He fell to thinking sometimes—this was in the low moods—of Carter's queer manner that other evening. He had seemed so altered, less bluff and bragging and—natural; quieter, keener. Then Calthrop would pull up short and call himself names for his vague, unformed doubt. "Carter's the best chap I ever knew!" he would say indignantly, "and you're a swine to doubt it!"

But he was greatly troubled, and his depression increased when one morning the Relic of Bloomsbury, in bringing him his coffee, said:

"You'll be missing Mr. Carter, sir, 'e was such a nice larky sort of young gentleman. The party as is in 'is room is an old silversmith."

"Wha-at!" cried young Calthrop. "Wh-at? Say that again! Do you mean that Carter's no longer in the house? Good Lord, where is he, then? Carter gone—gone?"

"Hi don't know, sir," said the Relic of Bloomsbury. "'E left nearly a week agow. 'E said 'e was moving farther uptown!"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," said young Calthrop. "Yes, I'd forgotten. That's all, thank you. Yes, 'farther uptown.'"

But he went to the Broadway shop with his head in a whirl and certain vague fears that he dared not formulate beating within him.

The red-haired young woman saw that something was wrong, and knew that it must be about the great play, but she was tactful enough to pretend not to notice, and did all that any one could do to cheer the man up in her nice, bright, wholesome way. It wasn't till very long afterward that Calthrop realized how much he owed her for this week.

Then one morning Carter strolled into the Broadway shop and asked the red-haired young woman for some photographs of a certain Parisian danseuse. Carter bore an unusually jaunty air. He looked pleased with the world, and his raiment was as obviously new as it was unpleasantly ostentatious.

Young Calthrop, who had been in the rear of the shop, moved forward and said to the red-haired young woman:

"Let me get the photographs out, Mr. Carter is a—friend of mine."

The actor fell back a step and his face turned slowly quite crimson.

"Why—why *you*, Calthrop!" he faltered. "*You* here! I—I didn't know——"

"Good-morning," said young Calthrop, cheerfully. "Didn't know I was in the shop here? Oh, I told you I sold photographs, you know. I'm glad you happened in. I've been wanting to see you—you've left Twenty-fourth Street, I hear."

"Yes, yes; oh, yes, of course!" said the actor. "The fact is—yes, I've gone up on Thirty-fo—I've gone a bit farther uptown. It was—more convenient. Oh, about that play of—ours, now——"

"'Ours'!" observed young Calthrop to himself. "'Ours'! That's something new. I admire his choice of pronouns. Why, yes," said he aloud, "yes, that was what I wanted to see you about. Can you give me any news? I was the least bit worried over you're leaving the house. You see, I didn't know where to find you."

The actor looked down at his yellow gloves and smoothed the wrinkles with a little frown.

"Well, the fact is," said he slowly, "the play didn't quite—not quite—suit Mr. Freeman. He—he thought I might be able to knock it into shape in time, but—you see, he's already chosen a play for Miss Berkeley."

Young Calthrop took a sudden little breath.

"Al-already chosen a play?" said he.

"Why, yes," said the actor, looking away. "Didn't you read it in the paper this morning?"

A folded *Herald* lay upon the showcase near by and Calthrop picked it up and opened it slowly to the theatrical page. He found the notice at once.

"Mr. Freeman is said to have selected the vehicle for the exploitation of Miss Evelyn Berkeley's talents during the coming season. Miss Berkeley has already opened the Lyric for a short run of last year's favorite, 'The Horse Guards,' but will produce the new play in a month's time."

The *Herald* rustled to the floor.

"Yes, I—see," said young Calthrop. "Ah, well, it—it doesn't matter much, does it? It isn't as if I—really cared."

He was wishing that Carter would go away and leave him alone. He wanted to be alone for a very long time to wrestle with the great sickening weight that had come upon him.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He was a bit troubled, too, in wondering if he showed anything of what he was feeling. He mustn't do that above all things. He must be absolutely nonchalant and at ease before Carter.

"So you see," proceeded the actor rather hurriedly, "it won't do there. Still, as I said, it might be knocked into shape later on, or—or offered elsewhere. Evelyn Berkeley isn't the only actress alive. Look here!"

He leaned confidentially across the counter toward young Calthrop. "Look here, I've got my sporting blood up, and it riled me, being turned down that way. I want to do something with that little play; not now, perhaps, but at my leisure. I've taken an interest in the game. Now, I'll make you a proposition—what will you take for the play just as it is? I'd like to go over it on my own hook and do what I like to it, and I've enough confidence in my judgment to be willing to pay you a reasonable price as a bit of spec. What will you take for it?"

Young Calthrop looked up very quickly. The fall of the castle about his ears, the rumble and dust of the débris, the utter wreck of too confident hopes, had dulled his senses and befogged his mind. He was in no state for acute observation, but it seemed to him that the actor was just a bit too eager, that his eyes were a shade too anxious. Still, that notice in the paper must be true. She must have been provided with a play—and nothing else mattered.

He made a little gesture of weariness, protest.

"No, thanks," said he. "I'm very much obliged for your offer, but—well, I wrote the thing for Miss Berkeley, and I shouldn't care to see it go elsewhere, even if it were possible. No, I don't think I'll sell. I—I don't want you to think that I'm not tremendously grateful to you for all you've done," he went on, smiling politely. "As I said the other day, I'm no end in your debt, but I think I'll keep the play. It was a bit silly even to think of submitting it, wasn't it? Now, if you will give me your address, I'll call around in a day or so and get the manuscript."

The actor pulled nervously at his glove.

"I—I'd be disposed to make you a good offer," said he—young Calthrop thought again that his eyes were a bit too anxious—"and," he continued, "of course, it's not my affair, but I think you would be foolish not to take me up. As it is, you'll get nothing at all, while if you sell to me you will get enough to at least pay you for the time you've spent on the thing."

"No, I think not," said young Calthrop. "I think I'll keep it."

He drew over to him a pad of paper and a pencil.

"'You'll be missing Mr. Carter, sir, 'e was such a nice larky sort of young gentleman.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Did you say what your address was?" he suggested. "I couldn't think of troubling you to bring the manuscript to me."

The actor pulled on a yellow glove with quite a jerk and shrugged his shoulders. There was a slight crease between his brows.

"As you like," said he, "as you like. Just remember, though, I made you the offer. Oh, my address—why, it's three hundred and seven, Thirty—Thirty-ninth Street—East."

Young Calthrop looked up from the paper with a little narrowing of the eyes.

"I thought you started to say Thirty-fourth Street a little while ago," said he.

"Thirty-fourth Street?" inquired the American, smiling gently. "Oh, dear me, no. You misunderstood. Thirty-ninth Street, my dear man, Thirty-ninth—East. Ah, well, good-day, Calthrop, good-day. I'll be in again. Sorry we couldn't come to terms."

Young Calthrop looked after him with a puzzled air. It had all seemed a bit queer and he couldn't make it out.

"I don't like that chap's face," said he, "nor his manner. There's something wrong somewhere. What does he want of the play, anyhow? Ah, well, *She* can't use it. That's all I care for."

He walked with bowed head past the red-haired young woman and to the back of the shop where there was a little cloak room with a washstand and a square mirror.

He washed his hands mechanically—he had been opening a foreign consignment of goods—and caught sight of his face in the square mirror. It pulled him up with a gasp.

"My Lord, do I look like that?" he cried. "You're a rotten bad loser. Buck up!" and he walked back to the red-haired girl behind the counter, smiling amiably.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," said he, shaking his head at her humorously, "but you'll have to give up the idea of that first-night performance and my little speech and all."

"Do you mean?" gasped the young woman, "you don't mean—oh, the play has not been—refused? Oh, no, no, it can't be true, it can't!"

"Oh, yes, but it can," said Calthrop, cheerfully. "It not only can be true, but it is. Chucked up! Chucked up! And all my castles that I'd built so bravely gone with it. Oh, nothing, nothing!"

The red-haired young woman dropped her hands and raised her face to Calthrop.

"Oh, Mr. Calthrop, I'm so sorry," she said. There was a little half-sob in her voice. "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Calthrop turned abruptly away with something in his throat. "Oh, it's—it's all right," said he, but his voice shook a bit for all that. "It's all right. It doesn't matter, you know. You—you're a dear, God bless you! But it doesn't matter—nothing does. My line is selling photographs. Chucked up! After all my—— Chucked up! chucked up!'

CHAPTER XI.

It was two days afterward that the red-haired young woman was busily engaged in pasting the name of a new Parisian celebrity, of whom some photographs had been received, upon the proper file, when young Calthrop paused beside her.

"Miss—Berkeley is coming into the shop," said he. "Would you mind waiting upon her? I—I think I'd rather not do it," and he moved toward the back of the shop.

The red-haired young woman looked up with a little gasp. Miss Berkeley had just left a cab at the curbstone and had paused a moment in the doorway of the shop to greet a woman who had been passing. In a moment the two came in together, saying excitedly how jolly it was after so long to run upon each other this way, and how glad each was to see the other one. Indeed, Miss Berkeley seemed quite to have forgotten what she had come after, but broke off directly with a little laugh and asked the girl if she might see some photographs of Mr. Jefferson. The red-haired young woman noticed that Miss Berkeley had glanced up and down the length of the shop for an instant as if she missed something.

"Yes; oh, yes," she said to the other woman, "I've got a play at last. Didn't you read about it in the papers the other day? A play! I should think I had. My dear, it's a poem! It's a perfect idyl, I tell you! And yet, curiously enough, it is dramatic, too. I shall be so glad to be rid of 'The Horse Guards!' You've no idea how tired one grows of doing the same play, even if it's a good one, for months and months and months. One grows to loathe it. But this new piece is truly wonderful! What? Who did it? Oh, that's the funniest part! A cheap third-rate young actor, who's been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The red-haired young woman . . . gave a sudden smothered cry. 'Miss—Miss Berkeley—something dreadful has happened.'"

doing small parts at some of the downtown houses, claims to have done it. He brought it to Mr. Freeman only last week and said he'd written it especially for me—fancy! Of course, Mr. Freeman took it up at once. The thing is a genuine find, you know, but neither he nor I believe the man actually wrote it. It isn't like him at all. At least, the greater part of it isn't like him. There are bits of it here and there that he might have done—bits curiously unlike the general tone of the play, you know. They go far toward spoiling it. Oh, it's all quite mysterious; but at any rate, we've the play and we're going to do it, thank Heaven."

"It *is* queer, isn't it?" said the other woman. "You're probably wronging the poor man, though. I daresay he's quite honest. The mere fact that he's a poor actor doesn't stand in the way of his being a good playwright."

Miss Berkeley shook her head with a puzzled frown.

"No, no, of course not," she admitted. "Still—well, I've met the man, you know, and—I don't trust him. I shouldn't wish to have much to do with him."

"What is his name?" inquired the other.

"Carter," said Miss Berkeley.

The red-haired young woman behind the counter gave a sudden smothered cry.

"Oh-h!" she cried excitedly. "Oh—I—I beg your pardon, but—but you don't know, Miss—Miss Berkeley—oh, something dreadful has happened!" She clasped her hands at her breast and breathed very quickly. "I—couldn't help hearing what you said just now," she apologized, "that—that play is Mr. Calthrop's play! The—other man stole it—promised Mr. Calthrop to help him have it produced and stole it! Don't you understand? Stole it outright. Oh, Mr. Calthrop! Mr. Calthrop!"

Calthrop came up from the back of the shop, looking curiously at the excited young woman with the red hair and at Miss Evelyn Berkeley, who stood wide-eyed and a little flushed, across the counter. He fancied that he saw, for just an instant, a certain light as of recognition in her eyes, but that may have been imagination.

The third woman stood near, beating her gloved hands softly together and smiling with delighted appreciation, as if she were sitting in a box at the theatre and admiring the way in which the villain was unmasked and the hero left triumphant.

"You—you called me?" said Calthrop to the red-haired young woman.

"Oh, Mr. Calthrop!" cried the red-haired young woman, "that—that dreadful—man has——" but Miss Evelyn Berkeley raised her hand.

"Will you allow me?" she begged. "Mr.—er, Calthrop," she went on with a little inclination of her head, "I have a play in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

preparation which was submitted to Mr. Freeman last week. It is the play that I intend to use during the coming season. The name of it is—'Journeys End!'"

Young Calthrop put out a hand quickly and caught at the edge of the showcase. His face went just a bit pale.

"Yes," said he, moistening his lips. "Yes, I—I know."

"It was submitted to Mr. Freeman," continued Miss Berkeley, a certain excitement growing in her eyes, "by an actor calling himself Carter, who claimed to have written the play. His name was on the typewritten manuscript." She paused an instant as if to give him an opportunity to speak, but Mr. Calthrop was staring down at the very excellent photographs of Mr. Jefferson spread out upon the showcase, and did not even raise his eyes.

"Neither Mr. Freeman nor I have been quite easy about the thing;" she went on, "because we could not believe that this Carter had actually written the play. Still, since he presented it and it was—more than good, we felt compelled to take it at once. We had no proof that he was not the author."

Young Calthrop looked up at last, but there was no joy in his eyes nor hopefulness in his bearing.

"Oh, yes," said he, wearily; "I wrote 'Journeys End'—but you've only my word for it. I don't see how I am going to prove it. Of course, I could say the thing backward, but then so could Carter, I expect, if he's a fairly quick study. Yes, I wrote the play, but Carter's got it. Possession's nine points of the law, I'm told."

Miss Berkeley looked at him anxiously.

"Why," said she, "there must be some way of proving that you wrote it. Can't you think of something? Wouldn't it do simply to go to him and demand your rights? Show him that you know all he's been doing. I'm sure we—Mr. Freeman and I—would do all in our power to help. There must be some way out of it. You—you might just give him a very, very thorough thrashing," she smiled.

"Oh, of course I shall do that," said Calthrop. "That goes without saying, but it won't win back my play. No, I don't see what can be done. If he's blackguard enough to pass the thing off as his own, he'll have the nerve to cheek it through. It's—it's good of you, though."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Miss Evelyn Berkeley. "Why—why, wait a moment! Let me think. The play was submitted, of course, in type. Haven't you your own written manuscript? Couldn't you show that by way of proof?"

"By Jove!" cried young Calthrop. "By Jove! you have it! It's the very thing. Of course I've the manuscript. I never gave him that. I gave him the first typed copy and he had a fresh copy made with his corrections and his own name. Yes, I've the original manuscript, just as it was first written, without any of Carter's interpolations. That's proof enough, isn't it?"

Miss Berkeley clapped her hands. "Proof!" said she, "of course it's proof. Why didn't we think of it sooner?" She paused a moment considering.

"Mr. Calthrop," she said at last, "couldn't you come to call upon me to-morrow afternoon and bring the manuscript? We must make some plan to catch that—that thief at his work. He must be absolutely routed and as publicly as possible. Rehearsals are to commence in two or three days. Can you come to-morrow?"

"Thank you," said young Calthrop. "Yes, I'll come by all means and bring the manuscript with me."

"Ah, then that's all right," cried Miss Berkeley. "I shall expect you. Isn't it the most wonderful thing that it should all have come out in this way! We must be going on. No, I don't think I want Mr. Jefferson's pictures now, I'm too excited. To-morrow, Mr. Calthrop," and she gave them a little smiling nod and went out to her cab.

"I told you once," said young Calthrop, smiling down upon the red-haired young woman, "I told you that you were a dear. If you don't greatly mind, I should like to tell you so again. A dear! Well, rather!" He took her two hands in his and swung them back and forth.

"Just consider for a moment, will you," said he, "how much I owe you? If it weren't for you we should never have found out—or at least not till too late—that Carter was a rascal. And—I, why, I should—I don't know what would have become of me. What, tears? Stop it, stop it, I say, this instant—though on my soul I could blubber myself! Ah, you shall have your first night and your speech, after all. I'm sure of it now. Come, come, cheer up! Dear old girl; stop weeping over a pal's luck and give

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"SOMETHING ELIZABETHAN TO SING ANCIENT LOVE-SONGS TO."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him a smile instead. God bless your kind heart. I believe you're the best there is, the very best!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE maid said yes, Miss Berkeley was home to Mr. Calthrop, and would he be good enough to come upstairs to Miss Berkeley's own rooms, to which Mr. Calthrop replied cheerfully that it required no goodness on his part whatever; and mounted to the second story. The maid drew aside the hangings from a doorway and announced "Mr. Cecil Calthrop," and he entered. It was a big square room, rather dim, for the sunlight from outside came faintly through drawn shades in a soft golden glow that brightened only one end of the room. The rest was in shadow, so that the flame from a little Spanish altar-lamp in a corner threw crimson beams down among the many pillows of the divan beneath.

There was a great bowl of roses on one of the tables and their scent filled the room. Calthrop remembered it always by the scent of those roses and the crimson glow of the little Spanish altar-lamp that hung from its gargoyle.

Miss Berkeley had been at the piano playing something soft and quaint and old, something Elizabethan to sing ancient love-songs to. She had put a newspaper on the strings to make the piano sound like a spinet. She rose quickly and crossed the room to him, holding out her hand.

"I've been waiting for you," said she in her beautiful soft voice.

"Not long, I hope," said Mr. Calthrop. He was wondering if any other human being had ever possessed such eyes. They were lovelier than the picture. Oh, infinitely lovelier!

"Why—yes," said Miss Berkeley, with a queer little laugh, "curiously long."—Or such hair, wondered young Calthrop. No, it was very improbable that any one had ever had such hair. One wanted to touch it, smooth it. One had sudden mad dreams of how soft and sweet it would be to lay one's cheek against!—and her mouth, that drooped at the corners, and had an upper lip that curled outward! Oh, yes, she was lovelier than the picture, though he had fancied no one could be that—perhaps it was just because she was alive, the picture made human, warm and fragrant and breathing——

"I've brought you the manuscript," said young Calthrop, with a deep breath.

"Oh—why, yes, yes!" said Miss Berkeley, dropping her eyes, "the manuscript, to be sure! Yes, we must talk business, mustn't we—first? Will you let me see where that—that person altered it? We couldn't think why it should fail so in spots."

She took the sheets and ran over them quickly, stopping here and there to read.

"Oh, this is better!" she cried presently in her low tone. "*So* much better! Every touch that—blackguard gave it was a blot. This is perfect—just perfect! It's what I've been wanting so!"

"Thank you," said young Calthrop. "Not," he amended, "not just for saying you like the thing, but—for saying it that way. I'd have worked ten years for that instead of a beggarly two months."

Miss Berkeley flushed a bit and made as if to laugh, but she looked up into young Calthrop's eyes with the little faint smile that the picture had always worn.

"I'm glad you didn't wait ten years, Mr. Calthrop," said she. "Ah, but we must talk affairs, mustn't we? We must be very, very practical, for we've villainy to defeat and honest rights to establish. Thank Heaven, it won't be difficult. Listen! I saw Mr. Freeman for a moment this morning, and told him the whole thing; he was furiously angry at that actor, of course, and wanted to post right away off to look for him and have him arrested or something, but I talked him out of that and explained what my plan was. To-morrow is first rehearsal, you know, and of course this Carter man will be there, but so will we. We'll confront him with the whole discovery before every one. You see, he has no reason to think his course isn't quite clear. Then afterward, after Mr. Freeman has told him before the whole company just what he thinks of him, why, then you may take him out somewhere and — and remonstrate with him, if you like."

Young Calthrop smiled grimly.

"Yes, I think I shall remonstrate with him just a bit," said he. "I think it would soothe me wonderfully—and I think, too," he went on, "that your plan is an exceedingly good one. If we all fall upon him in a heap, as it were, it will be more apt to frighten him into retreat than if we should give him time for some scheme of defense. I fancy he's more or less a clever rascal. He certainly is a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bold one. But fancy," cried young Calthrop, "just fancy it turning out right after —after all! Fancy my castles in Spain proving 'really castles'—that is, some of them," he corrected. "Isn't it too good to be true?"

Miss Berkeley laughed softly.

"Aren't you taking a great deal for granted?" she asked. "I may ruin the play yet. I may make a failure of it before the public."

But Calthrop shook his head, smiling derisively.

"You're not frightening me a bit," he assured her, "not the least bit, so you'd best not try. With the play once in your hands I consider it a success. Your part will be merely to turn it into a triumph. *You* fail! Great Heaven, you couldn't if you should try!"

"Tell me something," said she; "tell me how you came to write this play. You aren't a—you haven't a habit of writing plays, have you? What made you do it?"

"'You tell lies almost as well as you write plays,' observed Miss Berkeley politely."

"Why, *you!*" said young Calthrop simply. "I wrote it for you, and around you, and about you, or at least around and about what I believed you to be."

The girl gave a sudden amazed little laugh.

"For—for me!" she cried softly, touching her breast with her finger tips; "for—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

me? Oh, no, no,—you must be jok—— Why, what do you mean?"

"Just that," said young Calthrop. "I wrote it for you. I heard everybody say how badly you needed a play—a play that would give you a chance to show how really great you are. Besides, I had seen you myself several times in London, and one day in the shop where I sell photographs. You came in with Miss Bam—a friend."

"Oh, that day!" murmured the girl. "Yes, I remember. I—noticed you then and—and spoke to Miss Bamborough about it afterward. She noticed you, too, and you reminded her very much of some one she'd known in London, or at least had met there."

"Yes," said young Calthrop, "I remember sitting next her at dinner once or twice; I forget just where. So it isn't altogether odd that I should remind her of some one, is it?"

"Mr. Calthrop," said the girl, leaning forward in her chair and dropping her eyes from his face. "Will you, some time—— Oh, not now, not now, but some time after a long while, when we know each other much better—will you tell me what you are doing away over here in America, away from everything that must be dear to you, selling photographs in a Broadway shop and writing plays? You don't seem to belong to this sort of thing at all—though you've written the most beautiful play I ever read. You—you seem to belong in such a different environment."

"Yes," said young Calthrop; "yes, I'll tell you—some time, though it's all quite ordinary, nothing thrilling at all, I assure you. It's—nice of you to want to know."

"But about the play," continued Miss Berkeley, shaking a puzzled head. "I don't see that you've explained anything at all. You've seen me a few times—well?—and you had heard I wanted a play—well, so have lots of other people, but it hasn't inspired them to write masterpieces."

"I can't understand why not," said young Calthrop. And Miss Berkeley, for reasons presumably excellent, turned very pink and looked away.

"But about that," he went on, "I'll tell you—some time, not now."

"If you should want to—after a long while," murmured the girl, searching with an apparently passionate interest for something hidden among the sheets of manuscript in her lap, "why, I suppose I couldn't stop you. You're so big!" she complained.

"I might take to whisky and stunt my growth," suggested young Calthrop humbly.

Miss Berkeley shook her brown head.

"It wouldn't do any good," said she. "It would only stop you from growing bigger—but—but for the present you might take to tea. It's nearly five o'clock," and she rang for the tea tray.

"You may be as greedy as you like," she explained when the maid had brought in the tea things, "because you're an Englishman, but you can't have any muffins. You'll have to manage with biscuits."

"Ah, but you see, I hate muffins," he declared, untruthfully. "I—I never touch them. They're so very bad for one, you know!" he concluded.

"You tell lies almost as well as you write plays," observed Miss Berkeley politely. "What! another cup?"

Calthrop sat back in his chair and watched through half-closed eyes the wonderfully lovely picture that the girl made bending over the tiny samovar and the silver and china things on the tray. An eager fancy had changed that tea-table to a breakfast table, and the tea to coffee. He was so pleased with this idea that he gave quite foolish and imbecile replies to a number of questions of Miss Berkeley and thus justly aroused the young woman's wrath.

"When I suggested tea as a substitute for whisky," she said unkindly, "I had in mind your physical size. I didn't want to stunt everything else."

"Eh, what?" demanded Calthrop. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm awfully sorry. I'm apt to be idiotic at times, you know. The—the tea's gone to my head—the tea or —or something," said he, looking into Miss Berkeley's big eyes. Miss Berkeley became interested in the samovar.

"And so I'm going away, but I shall be here promptly at two o'clock to-morrow to go to the theatre with you."

But near the door he paused and picked up a rose from the floor.

He slipped it into his waistcoat pocket—on the left side.

"I have so few things of value!" said he. "Don't grudge me a rose."

(To be Continued)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Member of the Masses

by

Katherine Metcalf Roof

HE sat on a park bench high on the crest of a hill, a bag of tools on his knee, a glittering dinner-pail beside him. His blue overalls were spick and span; his loose red flannel shirt revealed a column of throat like hewn stone. His supple, splendid body slouched in every muscle with lines of discontent; wrath and confusion were writ large across his sulky, handsome face.

A fat elderly man trotted past on a cob. He rode with short stirrups. Behind his fixed and glassy smile his face was dark with patient suffering, nobly borne.

The laborer grinned. "Miserable aristocrat! Grasping employer! Unnatural parent! When I look at you and your like I wonder that we haven't risen and poured your hot steel down your throat long before this. That you should ride in splendor when I have been refused the work which would have brought me bread!"

He held the dinner-pail on his palm; it was deplorably light. He opened it, taking out a paper bag of cookies which he ate to the last crumb. Then he inflated the bag and burst it with a loud report.

A hired automobile wheezed and clattered up the hill. Its occupants were a blasé chauffeur, a panic-stricken young woman wearing a pearl-colored cloth gown and a white hat, and a pale but calm young man in equally flagrant yellow gloves rather too large for him. As they passed the machine lurched horribly. The bride, with a faint shriek, sank against the arm of her protector; the chauffeur, scornfully tranquil, tugged at a couple of levers, then settled himself to enjoy the machine's rickety flight down the farther slope. The bride and the groom locked hands for a last farewell.

"That old tea-kettle is in bad shape," said the laborer. He stared after it with the eye of the trained machinist. "There ought to be an ordinance against that sort of thing. I suppose I could put it into some kind of shape if the chauffeur had a mind to give me the job; might go round to the 'mobe' stands and see if I can't get regular customers at it. I could do that as well as anything else. But, hang it all, when a fellow doesn't belong to a union—— Hello! This isn't so worse."

A glittering cart drawn by two fat brown ponies was bowling up the slope toward him. A tall young girl in green, her cheeks afire, her gray eyes snapping, sat alone on the high seat. As she reached the brow of the hill she turned and looked back with a laugh of triumph. Evidently she had distanced her groom by premeditated guile.

The laborer followed her glance. The groom, a disconsolate figure, seemed to find his work cut out for him in urging his tired and fractious mount to attempt the slope. The girl checked her ponies on the rise and glanced around. All the mischief of the spring morning sparkled in her face. There was no one here to see; not a soul in view save a stolid young laborer dozing on a bench, his hat pulled over his eyes. Elizabeth Benedict squared her elbows and drew the deep breath of reckless resolve. "Hi! Go 'long there!" she shouted. Her whip reëchoed from the ponies' flanks.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The startled animals plunged away down the slope, veering madly from one curb to the other, the cart bobbing behind. The laborer sprang to his feet gasping; it seemed an hour before he saw her reach the foot of the slope and turn her ponies at a decorous trot into a cross-drive near the lake. The laborer sat down again.

"Her sort doesn't care for the feelings of the weary toiler, do you, Princess Elizabeth? And before breakfast, too!"

He took up the dinner-pail and eyed it with commiseration. "You're as empty as I am," he sighed. "If only a fellow could start out with enough in his pocket to keep him going till he catches step, it wouldn't be so tough. Wonder if they'll take me on in any of the Harlem stove shops? But it's too far to walk there. Wonder if I could pawn you, my only friend?" He patted the tin pail. "Perhaps for a cup of coffee. I might try to hold down a park lawn-mower, or to clean cages at the zoo. Anything for an honest living."

He flung himself back on the bench with a hollow groan.

The reprobate automobile had taken its jangling way round the tiny lake at the foot of the hill. Had he stood up he might have seen the chauffeur steer it deftly past the last curve, then pause a moment for orders from behind. That pause was fatal, for it gave the automobile a chance to think of something else. With easy grace the chauffeur applied the lever calculated to speed the machine northward and away; the automobile did not budge. The chauffeur pulled the bar again: the automobile leaped perpendicularly into the air, then came down with a thud which bounced the three riders like corn in a popper. The chauffeur, infuriated, grabbed the lever and gave it a vicious jerk: the automobile snorted twice, then started slowly backward toward the lake. The wails of the bride, mingled with the maledictions of the chauffeur, rang in the laborer's ears as he dashed down the hill to the rescue, clutching, through iron habit, his bag of tools in the one hand and his dinner-pail in the other.

"He took up the dinner pail . . . 'You're as empty as I am,' he sighed."

The automobile gained in speed every moment; by the time it reached the shore the wheels were fairly emitting sparks. It paused a moment on the brink; bride and groom rose up, hand in hand; then, with a frivolous backward skip, like a tipsy Triton, it plunged into deep water and overturned. Bride, groom and chauffeur vanished for the instant, then reappeared, gasping and spluttering, breast-deep. The groom, forgetting his new obligations, floundered ashore without a backward glance. The chauffeur clutched the lady mechanically and dragged her into shallow water, where her husband, suddenly aroused to his duty, seized her tenderly and lifted her ashore. The chauffeur then turned back to his machine, which was plowing up the lily-veiled waters like a patent egg-beater. The laborer, too late to be of any romantic service, stood back bashfully till the reunited pair had finished their raptures, then assisted them to brush off the trails of moss which clung to their garments. At that very moment the trim cart with its winsome whip swung into view.

Miss Benedict checked her horses and sprang out, leaving the lines to the groom. The knowledge that these people were not of her own sort did not betray itself in her courteous offer of assistance to the dishevelled and sniffling bride.

"Yes'm, thank ye," said the bridegroom, gratefully. "If you'll jest tend to Lenore here till I get my hands on him," he shook a dripping fist at the chauffeur, "I'll souse

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him till I make him look sicker'n that second-hand steam thrasher of his'n."

The chauffeur made an incoherent reply.

"If you'll just get into the cart I'll drive you to the nearest pavilion, and we'll telephone for a closed carriage there," said Miss Benedict gently to the bride. Then she glanced at the bridegroom; the water was still streaming from his hair. His checked negligée shirt was now an indeterminate blur of pink and green, like an overdone Easter egg.

"You'll take cold, I suppose, if you stay behind," said Miss Benedict. She thought rapidly for a moment. The cart would hold but three at a pinch; the locality was public and eminently safe. Moreover, she did not relish the thought of close contact with all that saturated finery.

"Johnston, take this lady and gentleman to that little pavilion up at the rose-garden. I'll wait here. And be back right away."

The water-logged pair clambered into the cart with tumultuous thanks and rode away. Miss Benedict was left in the protection of a husky son of toil and a soaked but still detonating chauffeur. She sat down on a nearby bench and scrutinized the laborer as he stepped to the shore and called an offer of assistance to the chauffeur twenty yards away.

"You go 'way back," bellowed the chauffeur. "If I can't lick her inter shape myself, I ain't a-goin' to call in none of ye happy experts to help me. 'S soon turn a Fift' Avynoo dentist loose on her. They ain't nothink wrong but a jammed screw: but ye'd find work enough to board ye fer a month. I've run up agin yer tourist macheenists before."

The laborer turned and met the girl's eyes. The blood stiffened in his veins; but her face held nothing save indignant reproach. He came toward her in a downcast fashion and picked up his pail and tools. Now, Miss Benedict's ready tongue was an unruly member and free sympathy was her besetting sin.

"He had no right to speak to you in that manner, when you had offered to help. I'd do nothing further, if I were you."

"'What of yourself?' said the laborer, cooly."

The laborer strove with himself for silence. But the elfin call of spring would have its way with him.

"A man doesn't like to be misunderstood," he said, quietly. He stood shifting the pail from one hand to the other; he was the picture of horny-handed merit. "I've been looking for work these three days. I'm a non-union man, so I can't enter a shop of any sort, not even the one for which I'm trained. I can't approve of the machinists' union on its present lines; therefore, the only chance remaining appears to be a hod."

The girl leaned forward, coloring hotly. She had read three books on sociology, and she had recently joined a Civics Study Club. While this incident might jar the conven-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tions, what an excellent opportunity for original research!

"Are you a—a Socialist, then?"

The laborer's hand tightened on the pail handle. "Not as the term is usually understood."

"Will there ever be real socialism, do you think?"

"I haven't an opinion. In my station in life," he sighed, skilfully, "there is little room for abstract thought. There are enthusiasts, like Tolstoi, who believe that socialism is merely a synonym for the higher Christian life, and that when we reach the one we shall have attained the other. But men can learn what socialism really means only by observing the workings of a practical community; and, so far, those communities which have gained even a moderate success have been made absurd by some personal hobby which some perverse member insisted upon introducing. Ridicule can kill a movement of that sort more swiftly than hostile legislation."

"Yet you believe in socialism, do you not?" she asked, respectfully.

"I do—or rather I would, if it could ever become practicable. It's cutting steps in the dark," he said, after a pause. "A man clambers up easily enough, setting foot in the clefts which the one before him has cut in the face of the rock. His own labor begins only when he reaches the last foothold. And from there on he must climb alone."

"But his disciples——"

"His mill-stones, you mean. There isn't a man of them who wasn't tripped and trammelled by the very men he was slaving to lift up."

The laborer had forgotten his mischief; the girl had forgotten her daring whim. By chance they had groped their way to the one common spot on which they stood as equals. The bounds of convention were so far overleaped as to be forgotten. Personality did not add a feather's weight to the scale. They looked, they spoke, with an absolute, terrible sincerity.

"So the disciple is just a drag; and what of the women?"

"The women?" said the laborer, grimly. "If it wasn't for the women a man might dare hope for those things—maybe. It isn't that you try to hold us back; it's just your very existence that shows us the futility of it all. No, you don't understand me; I'm not talking of the poverty nor of the hardships that socialism is sure to entail. Women make better pioneers than men, for that matter. It's—oh, can't you see? A man marries a woman, and to him she—she's different; other men's wives may be all very well, but *his* wife—that's another thing. He wants his time and his thought and his work to count for her, not for all the others. Of what use is it to call one thing your own if you must do for all as for that one?"

"'Look there! That's my crest on that pipe!'"

"But the honor of it?" flamed the girl. "The women wouldn't care! They wouldn't be standing aside and making place for each other; they'd be making place for a great principle."

"We've sacrificed our women to great principles for a good many centuries," said the laborer. "I can't see that we've gained so very much. Besides, the real obstacle lies in our

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

own selfish wishes. It's not the fault of the woman. She isn't half as anxious to possess a pedestal as we are to build one for her."

"You mean we'll be out of place and discontented, and then you'll be discontented because we are," she said.

"Surely you'd be out of place. Imagine the Countess Tolstoi in the shoemaker's shop."

"We'd not be out of place, and we *couldn't* be unhappy!" cried the girl. "Chairs and tables don't bring contentment. That's the way you men always feel. Give, give! You think you must bribe a woman to be happy. Surely you're only partly civilized yet. And you haven't won much ground in the last few eons, either."

"What of yourself?" said the laborer, coolly. "Picture yourself without any of the things that have made your life worth living: your horses, your jewels, your beautiful home, your friends. Suppose you are bound to a man with no capital but his hands and his brain, nothing he can call his own except the clothes on his back. Let him put it to you as a fair choice. Would you go out with him to live in a shell of a cabin, to eat coarse food, to work like a menial, to live the life of a serf? Or would you turn back and live your life as it was appointed, with dignity and with honor?"

"If I understood—and yet turned away—I'd have no dignity nor honor left. He won't try to bribe me, and he won't think that I degrade myself when I work side by side with him. He'll honor me more in failure than in success; he'll care for his Ideal first—and for me afterward. And we'll both understand; and we'll not care."

"Yes," said the laborer. "You're the one woman who could say that; you're the only woman who could live it. Once in a lifetime such a one comes to earth. And through seeing her, men dare to dream."

There was a long silence. A robin tipped curiously near; a squirrel scolded volubly. The girl, white, wistful, sat looking out across the billowed sweeps of gay spring green; the laborer stood before her, speechless in the face of his own daring. Finally she stood up. Her ear had caught the click of hoofs from across the tree-screened lake.

"It is such lives as this one you live that make one dare to hope," she said, earnestly. "It is always the men who can *do;* we women can only hinder."

The laborer only half heard. The roll of the returning vehicle had shaken him awake from his enchantment; he fumbled stupidly for words of confession and of propitiation.

"I thank you for all that you have said to me," she spoke at last. She looked up into his flushed, frowning young face with a pathetic admiration and regret. "When you succeed—or when you fail, as it may be—you know I'll be glad with you—and proud, too."

"I wish," she said presently, "that I could help you to find some one—who could help you in your plans. I met a gentleman here in the park not fifteen minutes ago who is interested in steel. I do not know him well, but he is a friend of my father's, and I know he would do anything he could—— Why, here he comes now!"

The fat gentleman upon the heaving cob came into view.

She looked at him again to assure herself, then glanced back at the laborer and opened her lips to speak. His face stopped the words upon her lips: he, too, had recognized the rider. His lips twitched in one last frantic determination to speak and condemn himself, but the instinct of self-preservation swept him from his footing. The dinner-pail fell clattering from his grasp. With a yell of despair he turned and fled.

Colonel Carew reined in his horse and twitched his fat feet out of the stirrups. "It is Miss Benedict, is it not?" he puffed. "My dear child, what is the matter? Who is that scoundrel? Was he rude to you?"

"Rude to me?" repeated Miss Benedict. "Not in the least." The blood went surging through her cheeks. "He said nothing but the most helpful, noble things to me. He was wonderful. But why should he have run away? The moment he saw you he ran."

"Probably he meant to rob you." And Colonel Carew picked up the discarded pail. "Nice new pail; I noticed the fellow a few minutes ago lounging on the top of the hill, and he looked to me like a well-set-up youngster." He jerked off the lid. "He —— Well, by George!"

The pail contained a crumpled note-book, a bag of bananas, a beautiful meerschaum, with a jeweled crest let into the bowl.

"I—he—*what!* By thunder, Miss Benedict, he—he's—robbed—my—son! Look here! That's my crest on that pipe! That's his name, John Howard Carew, on the book!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Thank Heaven, I got here in time. He'd have picked your pocket in another minute. Hello! Police! *Police!*"

"He isn't! He wouldn't!" Miss Benedict's voice broke in wild sobs; the angry tears were flashing in her eyes. "He's a gentleman, if he is a machinist. Don't follow him. Let him alone!"

Colonel Carew did not stop to hear. He rolled into the saddle and rode away. At the first crossing he met a mounted policeman; together they bore down upon the fleeing laborer. And behind them, lashing her horses into a run, stormed Miss Benedict. The laborer knew his ground, but not even his trained young muscles could save him. Once past the birch copse which screened the lake, they saw him running like a deer, diagonally across the rose-garden. The policeman galloped directly across and collared him at the farther border. Colonel Carew and Miss Benedict reached the same point a moment later. The Colonel sprang off his horse with a roar of wrath.

"You infernal scamp! You pickpocket!" raged the Colonel, dropping his glasses, which struck on the close-cropped border of a miniature pond, then rebounded gaily into the water. "You thieving miscreant! There, confound you, you've made me lose my glasses, and I can't see a foot ahead of me. Fish them out, will you, officer? I can't identify him till you do."

The officer cast a grudging look at the prisoner, then stooped to obey. The laborer had not spoken. He stood leaning against the gateway, breathless. The unchanging grin upon his face was the grin of one who stands upon Hope's uttermost verge and gazes into the very abyss of Despair.

Miss Benedict wheeled her ponies sharply. She leaned forward with a swift beckoning gesture. Once again the tempter snatched the laborer from the narrow way; an instant more and he sat at her side, clinging for life to the side of the cart. The ponies took the slope at a breakneck gallop under her slashing blows. Behind them labored a bareheaded and vituperative gentleman and a wet and infuriated officer still clutching the glasses in his hand.

"Take me back," gasped the laborer; "or let me jump out here. I can't bear to drag you into this."

"Do you think I would care?" said the girl. "It isn't true. I won't have you insulted by their lying charges."

"But it *is* true," groaned the laborer. "I am a thief and—worse. I've deceived you. I've stolen your belief in a good and honest thing——"

The girl looked at him, white-lipped. "You're saying all this to save me the annoyance of any publicity."

"I am not. They are right. But I shall go from you to make my life what it ought to be. And I shall bring it back for your judgment. It will be yours, to do with as you will."

The girl drove on recklessly.

"And now—please stop and let me go back. My punishment comes now. It's no use to run away from the inevitable."

The girl pulled up the horses; in a moment their pursuers were abreast. The officer dragged the laborer to the ground. Colonel Carew reined in his horse with an exclamation of horror.

"So you yielded at last to prudence, Miss Benedict! My child, you should never give way to such dangerous impulses. Shocking! shocking! Now for a look at you, you scamp."

The Colonel dried his glasses. He put them on. There was an apoplectic gurgle, then an awful pause.

"H— What! You—young—villain! I—er—— Officer, release this gentleman, please. And here's something for your trouble. Yes, we're greatly obliged and we don't need you any longer. I say, it's all right, and I don't want you here at all. Confound you for a pig-headed Irishman, can't you understand that I've withdrawn the charge? Get away with you."

"Hang on to your angry passions, dad," urged the laborer, mildly. "It doesn't do to antagonize the ruling classes."

Miss Benedict said nothing.

"Hang your impudence!" snorted Colonel Carew. "I'd like to know the reason of this baby masquerade, I should, sir, indeed. I would like to hear the opinion of your professors at Princeton on this foolery, sir."

"This is part of the game, dad. Sociology thesis, don't you know? They told me to turn up my cuffs and go in and be one of the other half for awhile. Best way to get information at first hand, you know. I've noticed that you go on that principle yourself. Therefore I've mingled with the masses for the past week; and it's been an enlightener, I tell you. Haven't had a square meal since Sunday night."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Do you mean to tell me that your instructors countenance this—this idiocy?"

"They're most of them in it, too. There's one of them sorting rags down in a junk-shop in Riggs Alley. And another is a scab foreman in the mills at Pittsburg. I mean, he is unless the strikers broke his open countenance last night, as they promised to do."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Benedict," broke in the Colonel. "This is my youngest son, John Howard Carew. I had forgotten to present him."

Miss Benedict did not speak for a moment. As yet she did not realize how angry she ought by right to be. It was even deplorably possible that such a realization might never come to her.

"I *think* I've met Mr. Carew before," she said, finally. Her voice was very low; to the boy beside her it was as a zephyr blown across illimitable glacial fields. "I came to Princeton for the Easter hop with Bob Benedict, and I danced with you, I think."

Colonel Carew wondered uneasily at his son's doltish silence. "He might at least say 'Do you think I could forget?'" thought the perplexed parent.

"And then we talked this morning," said young Carew, at last. "And I deceived you all the way through, not in what I said, but in what I was. And you ought never to forgive me. But I shall do as I said, and I shall come to you again; and then perhaps——"

"You taught me a great deal this morning, Mr. Carew," said the girl, slowly. "That, at least, was honest. I shall not forget it. For the rest—perhaps you might come, some day, and tell me still more." The laborer looked up eagerly. All the light of the June morning shone in her gray glance; all the mischief of her half-blown girlhood dimpled her curving lips. "And perhaps—it's just possible—that I might teach you something myself. Good-by."

"I can't see what made you behave like such a blockhead with that most lovely young creature," exploded the overwrought Colonel, as the red wheels whirred away. "There you stand mooning after her like a shot rabbit. Why couldn't you thank her, and say that it would give you the greatest felicity to call at the earliest possible time? By the Lord Harry, I'd like to thrash some manners into you! But she said she'd teach you a thing or two. I only hope she does. And I'll wager that some of the things she teaches you will be so well rubbed in that you'll not forget them to the end of your days."

In letter, at least, if not in spirit, the gift of prophecy is seldom so unerringly bestowed.

GOOD-NIGHT.

By Richard Kirk.

THE fields are desolate of sheaves;
Against the lurid Western light
Stand dark, gnarled limbs bereft of leaves—
Good-night! Good-night!

The birds are passing to the South;
Their young, impatient for new flight,
Chattered their going mouth to mouth—
Good-night! Good-night!

Gone is the Autumn's genial glow,
The Indian Summer's short respite;
And in the air are flakes of snow—
Good-night! Good-night!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

By George Wharton Edwards.

Author of "P'tit Matinac Monotones," etc.

THE tramp standing in the unfinished doorway of a large, pretentious house on Madison Avenue shrugged his shoulders in the fashion of his brethren, a motion which signified not only discontent at his present surroundings, but also a faint hope of near deliverance, for in the distance he spied two figures approaching upon whom he looked as possible contributors to his comfort. He was not an agreeable person to gaze upon at best, and now that he began to work his features into a semblance of self-pity and humbleness he was perhaps even more uncouth than ever. As the figures drew nigh he saw that they were a man and a woman who was leaning heavily on the man's arm. The former was clad in a cape coat and wore a soft alpine hat, and the latter's head was enveloped in a soft scarf of white silk, while she held up her skirts with her disengaged hand. As the couple came up to the doorway and paused in earnest conversation, the watcher, apparently acting from impulse, drew back into the recesses of the unfinished vestibule. The lady seemed half amused at her companion's earnestness, and, thrusting forth the hand which was passed through his arm, buried her smiling face in a huge bunch of Mermet roses which she held.

"Let me explain," he said incoherently. "It was all a mistake, I assure you."

"But you said I was a flirt," she replied mischievously. "Flirts are horrid things, and unworthy of serious attention, and I wonder that you can be even civil to me. How can you talk to such a person as you say I am? But, indeed, I am catching my death of cold standing here in the snow, and I am not ready to die yet, and besides the rest have arrived long since and will wonder at my absence. You really must not keep me here."

She looked up at his earnest, troubled face roguishly and pretended to smell the roses.

"Indeed," he began, and then with a sudden thought: "Let us stand here in the vestibule a moment while I explain; just one moment, please," he pleaded, as she drew back from him. "You must, or you will get your feet wet," and he forced her up the plank into the vestibule before she could resist. A couple of thin planks separated the tramp from the fair young girl, and she leaned against the wall, busying her hands with the superb roses, which she picked apart leaf by leaf, scattering them around her upon the mortar-covered floor.

"Grace," the young man was saying huskily and catching his breath in a curious fashion, "Grace, oh, Grace, don't you know how you have made me suffer; don't you know—you do know that I love you, that I am distracted for a kind word from you? Is there no way to your heart? I must speak," he went on, seizing her hands impetuously as she made a movement to go. "I must tell you, now that I have a chance that may never be mine again, that I cannot live without you. With you all of life would be joy and happiness for me; without you I cannot—I dare not think of what will become of me."

"There," she said, "see my roses; you are trampling them under foot."

"Yes," he broke in, "as you have trampled my love."

She shyly glanced up at the face of the young man. The tramp fairly held his breath. He inhaled the perfume of the roses from her clothing. Had he reached

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

forth his hand he might have touched her, and as it was, blown by a slight draft one end of the silken scarf which covered her charming head fell between the plank and the wall and grazed his cheek. Its softness perhaps awakened far down in some forgotten recess of his memory thoughts long foreign to his half-befuddled brain. He softly wriggled away as if from a poisonous object; or was it, indeed, from a more delicate sense? Who knows? At any rate, he swallowed hastily, making a curious clicking noise in his throat, and shrugged his shoulders.

The young girl with a start drew away from her escort with a pretty movement, lifted one of her white-gloved hands, and putting back the silken head-covering from a small pink ear and a tress of wavy dark hair, exclaimed, "Listen—what did I hear?"

"Nothing," said her escort, seizing one of her gloved hands. She looked at him with a sidelong glance, and a sweet flush came over her face as he bent and pressed his cheek to hers. The tramp behind the boards swallowed again, this time with greater effort.

"Come," she said, moving quickly; "gracious! what *will* auntie say? Why, hark —there's the clock striking—I do declare, eleven."

"But one word," persisted the young man, holding her tight and trying to look down into her eyes. And then the tramp heard a whisper, and a glad cry from the young fellow, and in an instant they had passed down the plank and hurried away. The tramp moved his stiffened limbs at last, swallowed once more, drew the back of his hand across his face, and stepped out into the half-light that entered the vestibule from the electric light just beyond. His foot touched something soft; he stooped and picked up the roses, looked down the street at the figures hurrying along, slowly lifted the flowers to his face, smelt them gingerly, and then ejaculated simply, "Well! I'm blamed!"

A CHRISTMAS DEAL IN POETRY.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

THEN, of course, there were three dolls of different sizes, besides three silver spoons, and three books—a fairy book, a jingle book, and a linen book with very bright pictures.

Tom Harris viewed the array with satisfaction, even pride.

"It's almost impossible to get just what you want," he declared. "I've never seen such a jam of Christmas shoppers since I was born. Why, I had to wait forever before I could get near the doll counter. A good thing you weren't along."

The little woman had been observing the numerous unwrappings with various expressions of approval. She put an arm around the tall man beside her and beamed upon the result of his hard day's Christmas shopping.

"You certainly did well, considering," she commented. "Baby will be so delighted with a dolly of her own, and the spoons and books are beautiful. You must be worn out. I suppose next year we should begin earlier."

"Earlier! I should say so! I'd begin to-night if I could! Catch me waiting again until——"

A sudden clang from the hall below struck off the sentence.

Tom Harris' long legs carried him down the dim stairway three steps at a time. Then the little woman listening above heard the door jerked open and a low voice saying something outside. Tom's answer was more distinct.

"Books? Oh, no—no books. We're full of books. We've got books to burn. Some I wrote myself. Um—yes—good-night!"

A moment later the long legs were coming back, four steps at a leap this time.

"Well, now, what *do* you think of that?" he began, as soon as he could get his breath. "A book-peddler at this time of night, and on Christmas Eve! How's that for enterprise? It's cold, too. The wind's gone to the north and fairly cuts your heart out."

Little Mrs. Harris said nothing for a moment. Then,

"Oh, Tom, suppose—suppose——"

"Now, Bess, I know just what you're going to say. Suppose he's dead broke and has to hustle for to-morrow's dinner. Well, suppose he does? We all have to do that, and I'm just about dead broke myself. Now, tired and busted as I am, I see I've got to chase out into the bitter blast after a peddler to buy his stock in trade of 'A Hundred Household Receipts' and 'Every Man His Own Doctor.' Oh, I know, of course, I've got to do it, so——" the big fellow had grabbed up his overcoat again, and was working his arms into the sleeves, and he jammed his hat down close, to face the wind.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Oh, Tom, you're not really going out after him?"

"Going? Course I am! I'd rather face a blizzard any time than a Christmas Eve of those cheerful suppositions of yours."

"Kiss me, Tom."

The big fellow lifted her on a level with his eyes and gave her a resounding salute.

"Tom! you'll wake the children!"

A whirl of icy air swept in at the open door and upset the even warmth of the upper hall.

Meantime Tom was beating up the wind, tacking and turning, to make headway. Presently he stopped. The sound of a door bell had been swirled by on the blast. A moment later a square of light cut through the darkness ahead. He made haste, half running, and was at the gate when the man came out. Tom Harris held out a very shaky hand.

"Say, mister," he shivered, "can you give a hungry man a dime?"

The man of books, a blown shadow in the night, leaned heavily on the gate.

"Why—why," he said, "I've only ten cents in the world, but I'll give you half of it."

Tom had meant to end his joke with a laugh, but the laugh did not come.

"Oh, that—that's all right," he said. "I don't need the dime—not that bad. Come down to the corner; I want to buy some books."

He took the man's free arm and steadied him toward the flickering lamp.

"What kind—books—you got?"

"Poetry. 'Fireside Treasury of Song'!"

"Anything else?"

"No. All the same. Fifty cents each. I spent all I had for six; thought people might like them for Christmas presents."

"Sold any?"

"Not yet. But I just started out awhile ago. I sawed wood all day."

"I see."

They were under the lamp now. Tom had set his back to the north and put the lean, shabby figure in the lea of his great bulk.

"Now for the books," he said.

The man had the books under his arm. He made an effort to hand out a copy, but his fingers were too numb. The volume would have fallen if Tom had not caught it. He held it to the light, recognizing its character at a glance. Gaudy, wretched binding, cheap thick paper, smudgy printing, a disordered gathering of mutilated songs.

"G—good f—for the price," shivered the man.

"A lot for the money," nodded Tom.

"Three co—olors. Red, blue and—g—green."

"Oh, bully! Give me one of each."

Tom fumbled for the money and brought out a two-dollar bill.

"Say, I'll take another green one. I forgot our girl. She'll like a green one. The others are for my little folks. They're pretty young for 'Treasuries,' so mebbe I'll keep 'em for another Christmas. I'll have things ahead, next time. Good plan, don't you think so?"

The man of books nodded eagerly and tried to grin, at the risk of damage to his stiffened features.

"Much—much obliged," he said, "but you don't want 'em, I guess. You're just buyin' be—because——"

"No such thing! I'm buying because I want to. I'm great on poetry. I even write it sometimes. Everybody ought to have a 'Treasury of Song.' Shouldn't wonder if my little girls would be pleased to the ground with 'em."

The pinched face brightened.

"Th—at's s—so!" he chattered. He was trying numbly to stuff the bill into his worn vest. The warmth of excitement was dying and he was very cold. "I know m—my two li—ittle girls would like 'em. Only I got t—to sell 'em to get mo—oney to keep warm an' f—fed. Y—you see I been s—sick an' couldn't work. The oldest one is twelve. She k—keeps house f—for me. My—her m—mother went away last year. Sh—she left us. Sh—she——"

"See here," interrupted Tom, "I've got to be getting back, and you'll freeze to death standing still. I'll just take those other two books for your little girls. 'Tisn't often I get a chance to make a Christmas present to two little girls like that. Let them come up to-morrow and get the books off of our tree. Let them bring a basket, too."

He poked another dollar into the shivering hands.

"And look here," he went on, "I've got a pile of wood in my cellar I want sawed. I've been sawing it myself for exercise. I've got enough exercise now to last all winter. You come to-morrow, too, and look at it."

"Tom," said the little woman, when the shadows of Christmas afternoon were closing

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in, and long fingers of firelight reached back through the dusk to seek out twinkling toy or trinket in a distant corner, "never in my life, Tom, have I seen any one so happy as those two little girls were here to-day. Do you know, I'm going to look after those children a little. They're so bright and pretty. Almost as bright as—as ours, Tom."

"That's right! And say, their father tells me he is a carpenter by trade. I'm going to let him build the new fence and our storage bin for us. But those books, Bess. Those awful books. And those children of his really seemed to like them."

"Why, yes, they did like them, and Mary liked hers. But those other copies, the three you bought for us, you know—did you mind if they weren't saved for next Christmas, or any special time?"

"Heavens, no! Don't save them at all! Why?"

"Because, Tom, when I went into the playroom just now I was waited on by a committee of three—our three—and they demanded books—real, lovely books, like the other little girls had. So I produced them on the spot, and do you know that those benighted children of ours have dropped every other present they received, books, dolls and all, and are perfectly entranced with your 'Fireside Treasuries of Song.'"

THE REWARD OF HONOR.

By Susan Sayre Titsworth.

THEY sat in the wainscoted drawing-room after the late Sunday dinner. Sir sat in his big chair by the south window, his handkerchief thrown over his polished forehead and white side-whiskers, his hands, with their shiny, brittle nails and two big seal rings folded across his massive fob, rising and falling with the placid breathing of his afternoon nap. Madam sat in the other big chair by the other south window, her thin, flexible-covered Bible and prayer-book open on the reading-desk pulled across her lap, turning the crackling pages with a regularity that measured the passing minutes as truly as the pendulum of the big clock in the hall. Opposite, in a corner of the settle by the fire, sat Miss Dorothea. Despite her stately name, Miss Dorothea was but a little girl, so little that two slim legs dangled uneasily several inches above the floor when she sat forward on the settle, and continued straight out for several inches toward the fire when she pushed herself back into the corner. She, too, had a Bible open beside her on the settle, but she hadn't turned a page for half an hour. Her black puppy was shut up in the dining-room. Since it was Sunday, he was not allowed to come in and play with Miss Dorothea, and his little whines and jumps against the closed door were plainly audible to his mistress' partial ear, naturally dividing her attention with the story of Abimelech, though Sir and Madam, entrenched in the peace of the Sabbath behind their increasing deafness, knew nothing of the puppy's unregenerate rebellion. They had never had any little girls of their own; Miss Dorothea had learned that by asking Mrs. Rachel, the tall woman in the white apron who stayed all day in Madam's room upstairs except when Madam rang for her. If they had, argued Miss Dorothea to herself, they would call her Dolly, as her father and mother did, and would let the puppy play with her, since Sunday afternoons are so long.

She sighed. This was worse than church, where all that morning she had sat beyond Madam in the big pew, forbidden to look over the hymn-book, forbidden to study the congregation from over the back of the seat, her wandering attention constantly recalled by Madam's warning look to the minister who preached—so at least it seemed to Miss Dorothea—for days and days. Most of what he said was entirely without meaning to her, but the text she understood. It was, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." She had had to repeat it at dinner, and Sir had told her what it means—"honoring thy father and thy mother," and when they were not with her, honoring those who had charge of her, and who, being older and far wiser, knew better than she what was right for her. "Then will your days be long indeed, Dorothea," said Sir, with the kindliness of an old man who has never known children.

Miss Dorothea's conscience was clear. She knew that she had done all that Sir demanded in the line of honoring, and yet she wasn't happy. The reward of long days was hers, and she felt oppressed by it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Her foot was asleep; the puppy whined louder, and the old clock ticked solemnly on. "Sit quietly, Dorothea," said Madam, looking up. This day had been twice as long as any ordinary day. Miss Dorothea kicked her prickly foot with the other one, regardless of Madam's warning. She wanted to get the puppy and go out into the sunshine; she hated Sunday afternoon because it never ended. She felt she had honored Sir and Madam to the full extent of her capacity, and she wondered if honoring them a little less would shorten the day. Miss Dorothea did not mean to be bad; she was only tired and wanted her puppy. When a minute later Madam glanced toward the settle, there sat Miss Dorothea, the Bible open beside her, her hands folded on her small knees and her tongue extended to its full length in the direction of Sir's unconscious handkerchief. There was no mistaking the calm audacity of that small pink tongue.

"Dorothea!" said Madam, incredulously. "Dorothea!"

There was a silence while Sir slumbered peacefully on and the big clock ticked, but time did not go immediately faster for all Miss Dorothea's deliberate lapse from honoring. Her eyes filled with tears, but Madam did not see them.

"I am utterly amazed!" she said at length. "Ring for Mrs. Rachel." Miss Dorothea scrambled down from the settle and pulled the bell-rope obediently. The day was long still, and it seemed hours before Mrs. Rachel's black silk gown and white apron appeared in the doorway. "Take Miss Dorothea away and put her immediately to bed," commanded Madam. "She has been guilty of most inexcusable rudeness!"

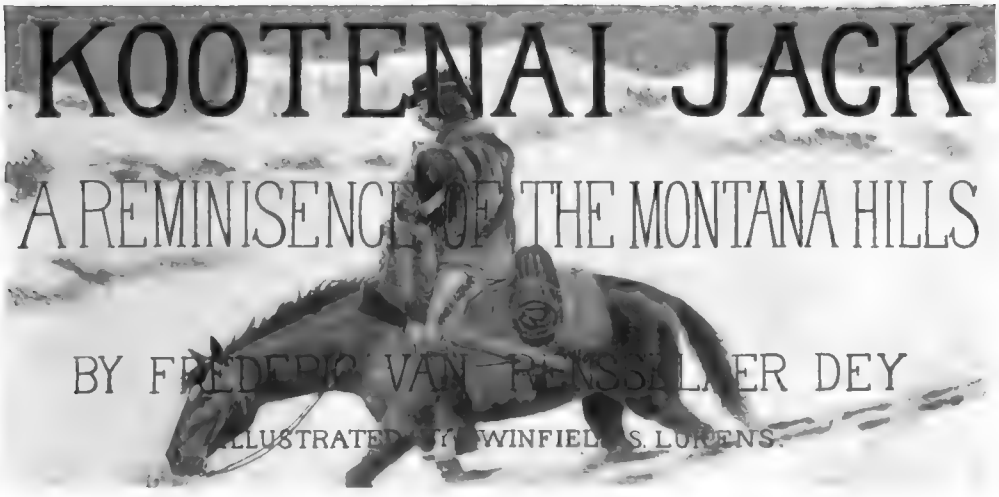
Bed was a welcome change to Miss Dorothea at first, though Mrs. Rachel would not talk to her, but left her, shutting the door sternly as she went. But there were no books nor playthings in Miss Dorothea's reach, and being bidden to stay in bed, she dared not get out. For her experiment was a failure. There was no doubt about it. She had been tired of the length of the days vouchsafed her for honoring her elders, and she had ceased to honor as dramatically as she knew how, and yet it was still light, still Sunday afternoon, and she was spending the rest of the day in the place where it seemed longest. And the poor black puppy, down in the dining-room, who had to honor Sir and Madam, too (for Mrs. Rachel whipped him if he didn't), was having length of days thrust upon him also, shut up alone just as if he had been bad like his mistress.

It was a difficult problem for Miss Dorothea, so she cried a little and then decided to wait till the far-away mother came back, when days never would seem too long and things would be explained. And with this thought to comfort her, Miss Dorothea sighed hopefully and went peacefully to sleep.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

KOOTENAI JACK

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MONTANA HILLS



BY FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY

ILLUSTRATED BY WINFIELD S. LORENS.

SIXTY men of Troop C, under the command of Major Hoover, had toiled all day long through the unceasing fall of moisture-laden snowflakes, so that horses and men were alike on the verge of collapse from exhaustion, when, an hour before sundown, they came upon Captain Burke and the three men who had gone on in advance to select a suitable site for the camp.

There was consolation in the thought that their weary march was ended, at least for the present, for the Idaho scout who had been sent out with them from Fort Missoula, told the major—and the word had been passed back from mouth to mouth—that they were now in the heart of the Kootenai region, and between it and the Blackfoot country. The Blackfeet were already, in small bands and detachments, driving off cattle and horses and raiding isolated ranches that were not sufficiently protected. The Kootenais had as yet made no demonstrations, but it was known that they were restless, and that many of them were hungry—and a hungry Indian is a bad Indian, particularly when the white man is to blame for his suffering.

The camp was behind a spur of Scot's Mountain, where a high bluff, surmounted by a heavy growth of timber, protected it from the northerly winds; and the soldiers were not slow to throw up their shacks, get their fires started, and otherwise make things as comfortable as possible for the days, or perhaps weeks, they would be obliged to remain there.

The snow was the first of the season, and it came down in flakes that made one think of flapjacks, silently and soddenly, melting slowly as it fell, but falling faster than it could melt, and sticking like glue, with a weight that rendered it a burden to man and beast.

There is no appreciable twilight in those hills of northwestern Montana; the transition from daylight to darkness is often so sudden as to be startling; but the shacks were up and the fires were agleam before darkness became a settled fact. There was the odor of coffee and bacon in the air, and now and then a snatch of song floated up from the direction of the hurriedly improvised corral, where the men were rubbing down and feeding the worn-out stock. The snow ceased falling just as darkness spread its mantle over the camp, but it clung in weighty masses to the trees, bending the boughs earthward until the glowing camp seemed as if sheltered between walls of basalt.

The major, the captain, and the Idaho scout stood near one of the fires, with their backs turned to the genial warmth. They were talking in low tones while they awaited the preparation of the meal of which they all stood so much in need.

"How far is it from here to the village of Gray Eagle?" the major asked of the scout. "You say that we are in the heart of the Kootenai country; one of your men tells me that we are on the very border of the Blackfoot region, but it is Gray Eagle I want to see. How far is it to his village?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I can't answer that question to-night, sir," replied the scout. "Over on the other side of the Bitter Root Mountains, I know every inch of the territory, but here I'll have to reconnoitre a bit. I was a kid when I was here last, and that wasn't yesterday."

"How many men have you got; four? Doesn't one of them know something about this side of the mountains?"

"No more than I do, Major."

"My map tells me that we ought to be somewhere near Purdy's ranch. I want you, the first thing in the morning, to send a couple of your men out to find it. Hello! What—who—where the devil did that Indian come from?"

All three of the men were astonished, for when they raised their eyes at the major's exclamation, there, not ten feet from them, and quite within the circle of light cast by the fire, as motionless as though cast in bronze, stood an Indian. His arms were folded across his breast, his head was thrown back haughtily, and one foot was thrust out a little in advance of the other. He seemed to have materialized out of the empty air. He had not made a sound, and it was quite evident that he had come past the guards without disturbing them.

"Captain Burke," said the major, dryly, "you had better interview your corporal of the guard. We'll have the whole Blackfoot tribe standing around our camp-fires at this rate."

"No Blackfoot; Kootenai," said the Indian, gruffly, but without moving.

"Will my red brother draw near the fire and make himself welcome?" inquired the major, assuming the lofty manner and dignity with which all Indians love to be received.

The Indian inclined his head, and with slow step came to the fire. Then, from beneath his blanket he produced a sealed envelope. He was about to give it to the major, when he hesitated, and inquired:

"You chief?"

"Yes," replied the major.

"Good. Talking paper for chief. Chief read, then follow Kalitan, mebby, bimeby. Kalitan wait."

Wonderingly the major broke the seal and read:

"*My Dear Major Hoover:*

I have just learned of your arrival in the vicinity of my ranch. The bearer of this is Kalitan who can be trusted. Will you not, as soon as your command is fixed in camp, accompany him to my house for dinner and for the night? Kalitan will act as your guide.

"RICHARD PURDY."

"You are Kalitan?" he asked after he had read the letter.

"Yes. Me Kalitan."

"How far is it to Mr. Purdy's?"

"For Kalitan, little way; for chief, much snow, bad walk, long way. No take horse; walk."

Captain Burke returned at that moment, and after giving him some last orders for the night, the major motioned to the Indian that he was ready. They were about starting when the scout from Idaho placed one hand on the major's shoulder and whispered, not so low, however, that the Indian did not hear him:

"Better take me along, Major. I wouldn't trust that Injun if I were you."

Kalitan turned slowly and faced the scout. His stolid features showed something of the contempt he felt as he spoke, and the major had to bite his lips to suppress a smile.

"White scout squaw-man over the mountains; white scout damfool," he said; then he wheeled slowly and faced the major again, adding: "Kalitan ready. Chief ready, too?"

There was a cheery welcome at Purdy's when the major arrived after toiling through the snow behind his Indian guide. A steaming hot dinner was ready on the table, and the great fire-place at the end of the room was filled with blazing logs. It was better than the wet snow, the rough, half-constructed shacks, and the sodden atmosphere of the camp.

"We have known of your coming for several days," Purdy told the major, while he was filling his plate the second time, "and we have rather regretted it, too. The fact is, we don't want any soldiers up here among the Kootenais, Major. We don't need 'em, and I'm afraid that their presence is likely to do more harm than good. Gray Eagle is a very old man, and a wise one, too. He knows as well as we know that his people must remain friendly, and he'll keep 'em quiet as long as he's alive."

"Perhaps you're right," replied the major, thoughtfully. "I'm new here in the Northwest, as you know. My time has been spent among the Apaches and the Navajos. But the Blackfeet have been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"QUITE WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT CAST BY THE FIRE, AS MOTIONLESS AS THOUGH CAST IN BRONZE, STOOD AN INDIAN."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

making a lot of trouble; of course you know that."

"Yes; I know. They've been in as far as here, and I'm a few heads of stock poorer for their coming. But you're not in the Blackfoot country; you're in the Kootenai district now."

"True. Well, that's the fault of our scouts. Anyhow, we're here. We'll lie quiet for a few days while the scouts do a little prospecting. You ought to be glad to have sixty odd of Uncle Sam's men so near at hand in these troublesome times, Purdy."

Purdy shook his head emphatically, and raised his eyes to Kalitan, who stood like a statue at the fire-place; but his back was turned, and he did not see the glance.

"More harm than good," repeated the ranchman. "And, Major, I want to give you one word of warning. That chief scout of yours, Idaho Pete, isn't liked among the Kootenais. There's an old grudge against him. I don't know what it is, but it's there. Send out your scouts if you like, but keep him in camp. He'll work harm if you don't."

"I hope, Mr. Purdy, that you did not offer me your hospitality for the purpose of telling me how to command my men," said the major, with some asperity.

"Far from it, Major. I've been in this region several years, and I've never been disturbed. The Kootenais are my friends; I don't want them riled, that's all. There's no use in waking up a lot of sleeping hornets when they're quiet and peaceable. I don't suppose there is a Blackfoot within twenty miles of here now; but if there was, I wouldn't much worry, for the Kootenais would let me know."

"Perhaps. Perhaps. My experience with Indians is ——"

The major was interrupted in his speech by a sharp hiss from Kalitan. "Somebody come; mebby squaw-man scout," he said, and the next instant there was a peremptory summons at the door.

Purdy answered it himself, and disclosed, when he opened the door, the snow-covered figure of the Idaho scout.

"Major Hoover here?" he demanded, entering. "I'm Peter Louder, chief of scouts. Hello, Major, I took the trail made by you and the Injun; that's how I found you. There's hell to pay over at the camp. Thought you'd like to know, and send orders, maybe. Them Kootenais have managed to run off about half the stock, tired as they were. Done it 'thout disturbing a guard, too. I s'pose this red cuss here knowed all about it all the time."

Kalitan deigned no reply, but continued to gaze into the fire, stoically. The major sprang to his feet, swearing, and Purdy edged over nearer to the fire-place and stood near the Indian.

"Blackfeet," he said, laconically.

"Bah!" responded the major. "You just said there wasn't a Blackfoot within twenty miles of us, Purdy. I'm inclined to believe that you are right, and that our horses have been stolen by your Kootenai friends. Anyhow, I must get back to camp."

"And we'll just take this here buck along with us for safe keeping," added the scout, taking a threatening step toward Kalitan; but Purdy interposed his big frame between the man from Idaho and the Indian. He spoke very low in tone, too, but very much to the point.

"You'll just keep your hands off, Mr. Idaho Pete," he said; "and you'll right about face through that door and mosey, unless you want to be carted through it, feet first. Keep your shanks off of Purdy's ranch, too, Pete Louder, if you want to keep 'em under you. I never saw a Kootenai, or any other Indian, whom I wouldn't trust a sight farther than I would you."

"Perhaps you'll resent *my* authority also, Mr. Purdy," said the major, angrily. "I think with Pete, that it will be well to take the Indian along with us."

Purdy's eyes blazed wrathfully.

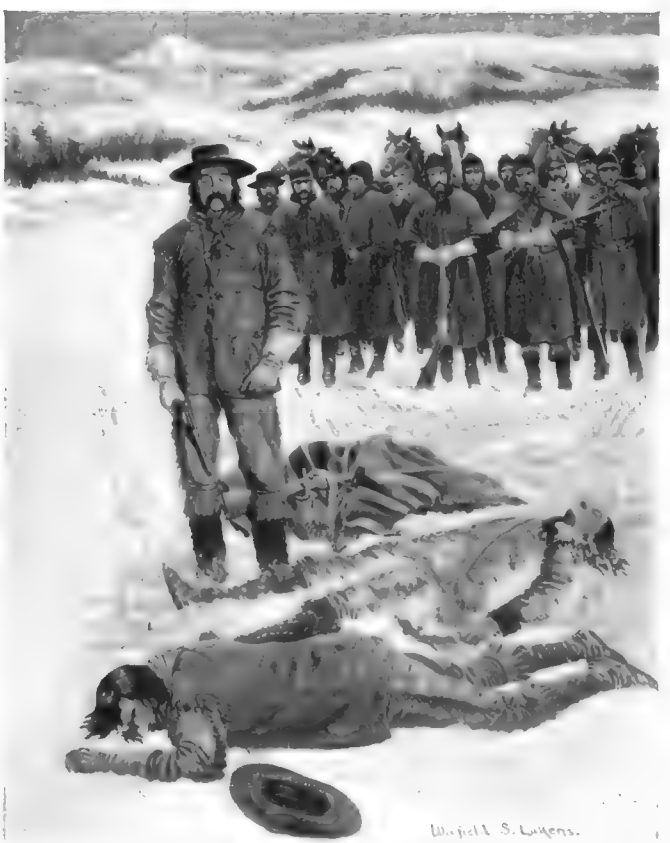
"Yes, sir," he said, "I'll deny your authority, here and now. I don't care if you and your sixty men with the general-in-chief of the United States army, backed by forty regiments, comes here after Kalitan. You, nor they, nor anybody can't take him, unless you take Bob Purdy, too, and you'll find that's something of a proposition. Get along back to your camp, Mr. Officer, and let me forget that I offered hospitality to an army officer who doesn't know his business, for that's what you are, major or no major; and just take this nut along with you and crack it on the way. Trouble will come of your visit up here, where we don't need you and don't want you, and it will come because of your dam'd inefficiency."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The major, white with rage, leaped from his chair, nearly overturning it, while Purdy quietly took his Winchester from its rack against the wall and raised the hammer. Kalitan did not move, nor seem to hear. He might have been unconscious of what was taking place around him, for all the evidence he gave of heeding it.

Whatever the major meant to say remained unspoken, for at that instant the door opened, and the tall, erect figure of a man stepped within and closed it, remaining with his back to it, and facing the group of angry men.

"Blackfeet, Purdy," he said, laconically; and then, discovering that something was wrong, he added: "Hello! What's the matter?"



"IDAHO PETE, SHOT STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, FELL AT THE FEET OF THE INDIAN BOY HE HAD KILLED."

Nobody replied, and his eyes travelled from one to another, until they rested upon the scout. The newcomer was almost as dark and swarthy as an Indian, but his face seemed to grow even darker then, and his eyes blazed like two coals of fire underneath the broad brim of his hat, which was pulled down, low, over his forehead.

"This ain't a healthy country for you, Pete Louder," he drawled, slowly, at the same time touching the latch and throwing open the door behind him. "I reckon you'd better move, and if there's anything here belonging to you, take it along. Missoula County's big, but 'tain't big enough for you an' me. Git!"

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the major.

"You just wait till this here renegade horse-thief gits out, Major, an' I'll tell you. If he's under your orders he can wait outside in the snow; but by ——, he can't stay in the same room where I am, not one minute."

The scout, who had manifested every evidence of genuine fright since the apparition of the last arrival appeared, obeyed without a word. He backed slowly towards the open door and passed out into the night; and then, with a short, mirthless laugh, the man who had ordered him away closed it and dropped the bar in place.

"Now, Major," he said, turning and facing the angry officer, "I'm Jack Montana, if anybody should ask you. Kootenai Jack, some of them call me, an' I reckon you've heard the name before. You mustn't git on your ear because I sent your squaw-man out in the snow, but I can't and won't breathe the same air he does; neither can Kalitan here, nor any of his people. If you an' Purdy's been having any words, more'n likely it's Pete Louder's fault, an' you'd better shake hands an' forgit it. This ain't no time for white men to be at odds, an' I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

reckon, mebby, there ain't no odds, if you both stop to think about it."

"Maybe I was hasty, Major," said Purdy, apologetically. "There's my hand, if you want to take it, and we'll begin over, and at the same time finish our dinner. There is no necessity for you to go back to the camp to-night, with a good bed waiting for you here. You couldn't do anything till morning anyhow, and if you'll believe me, you can't do much then, either."

"What's happened?" asked Jack, dropping into a chair at the table and helping himself bountifully to the food.

He was told in a few words of the message that Idaho Pete had brought, and of his having charged the commission of the impress one thing upon you. You must be at your camp soon after daylight. Kalitan will deliver what I have said, faithfully to Gray Eagle, and the old chief will do as I ask."

"But what have you asked?"

"I have sent word to him that the Blackfeet have run off a lot of your stock, and that Pete Louder is trying to persuade you that it is his braves who did it. I have asked him to convince you of his friendliness by sending word to you in the morning that he will assist you with scouts and men, if necessary, against the Blackfeet. He will do it, too; but I want you to be at the camp when the messenger arrives from him."

"WITHOUT A CRY OR A QUIVER JACK PITCHED FORWARD OVER THE BODY OF BIG HORN INTO THE SNOW."

deed to the Kootenais. This naturally led to an explanation of the quarrel that had taken place before his arrival. He listened to all, patiently to the end, and then, without a word of comment, beckoned to Kalitan. To him he talked rapidly in Chinook, speaking emphatically, sometimes raising his voice more than was his wont. The Indian listened stolidly, now and then muttering a guttural word of affirmation. As soon as Jack ceased speaking, Kalitan tightened his belt and left the room by another door than that which had been lately used.

"I have sent him to Gray Eagle," said Kootenai Jack, when he had gone. "Kalitan is well named the 'arrow.' He will make the distance before midnight. You, Major, couldn't do it in two days, and even I couldn't get there before dawn. I want to

The air was clear and keen when, soon after daybreak, Kootenai Jack, Bob Purdy, and the major made their start for the camp. They could not travel by the same route over which Kalitan had conducted the major the preceding night. Being mounted, they were compelled to make a detour, which nearly quadrupled the distance. The snow, too, was deeper and heavier than they had thought, so that their progress was slow, and the forenoon was well advanced before they had travelled two-thirds of the distance.

Jack had just announced that they had less than a mile more to travel, when they were startled by the report of fire-arms. At first one shot rang out clearly on the morning air. That was followed by others, and still others, until they echoed and re-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

echoed along the mountain-side, a score or more of them, and then silence.

Kootenai Jack pulled in his horse and turned in the saddle.

"Major," he said, and there was a heavy frown on his brows and a wicked glint in the fire of his eyes, "if your men have been fools enough to fire on the peace messengers sent out by old Gray Eagle, I won't answer for the life of a single white in this part of Missoula; an' I won't blame 'em either, if they exterminate the whole dam'd lot of blundering white idiots. They won't hurt Purdy, here. Mebby you'll learn something you don't know 'bout Indian fighting before you git back to the fort—something they don't teach down in the Apache country. If that has happened, and Pete Louder has had a hand in it, I reckon I'll be his executioner, an' the whole outfit of Troop C won't stop me either."

They rode on then in silence, and presently came upon the camp, where all was confusion and excitement. Sergeant Boody met them at the outpost, and he immediately began to explain that a band of Indians had ridden up within sight of the camp and halted, and that then one of their number had come on ahead and refused to stop when challenged by the sentry.

"Tell me just how it happened," demanded Kootenai Jack.

"Well, like this: We could see the braves off there on the ridge—about a dozen, maybe more of them. One of them, a young buck, rode on ahead, and he was riding right into camp, as cool as an icicle, when McCullum—he was on guard—ordered him to halt. Mr. Buck acted as if he didn't hear him, but kept right on, and then Big Pete Louder, who was there with Mac, he yelled out 'Halt!' too, but the Injun didn't halt, and then Louder let him have it."

"Shot him? Louder shot him?"

"Dead as a herring. Then the reds up on the ridge let out a yell and blazed away into the camp. They killed Mac, and winged two or three of the boys, and then they lit out. Captain Burke and them as had horses are chasing them now."

"And Louder? Where is he?"

"He's with the captain and the others."

"THEY BORE THE TWO STILL FORMS TO THEIR VILLAGE."

"The young Indian who was killed; where is the body?"

"Some of the boys buried it in the snow where he fell. You'll find it there."

"Major," said Kootenai Jack hoarsely, and there was an ugly gleam in his eyes. "You ain't to blame for this; it's Idaho Pete. I'm going to kill him without mercy, just as I would a rattler. After that I'm going to save you all, if I can. Mebby I can and mebby I can't; an' mebby I'll go under myself trying. You an' Bob come along with me now, till we see who it is Pete killed. If it's Big Horn, Gray Eagle's son, God help you!"

It was not difficult to cast aside the snow with which the young Indian was covered, and Kootenai Jack bent over the body, long and lingeringly. Presently he thrust his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hand in the pouch of the young warrior's side and drew forth a roll of parchment, made of deer-skin.

An oath and a curse, too frightful to repeat, escaped him.

"Look!" he said, tensely. "Look and be dam'd to you! you and your men who come up here a-murdering. This is old Gray Eagle's message of peace, offering scouts and braves to help you against the Blackfeet, you blundering assassins. Oh, I don't mean you, Major. I mean your infernal outfit that ought to have roasted in Hades before it ever saw the summit of Scot's Mountain. You've killed his messenger of peace, and his only son at that, curse you!"

. . . . . .

They were still grouped around the corpse of the young brave when the men who had gone in pursuit of the Indians returned.

"Order 'em here, Major, every man-jack of them. I've got something to say, and something to do, and I want 'em all to hear and see." Kootenai Jack stood like a statue beside the dead Indian, and waited patiently until the men were gathered around him.

"Now," he said, and the farthest man on the edge of the group could hear him plainly, although he spoke in a low, tense tone, "I want you men, who robbed this body, to step up and settle. There's a blanket, a rifle, a knife, a snake-skin belt, and a necklace of elks' teeth. Who's got 'em? I've no time to wait. They're here in this crowd, and I want 'em, an' I want 'em quick. Pony up. I'm a-waitin'."

There was something about the aspect of the man who made the demand that compelled obedience. He received the several articles without a word, and then, raising his eyes, threw his glance searchingly around the crowd.

"Pete Louder, come here! I want you!" he said suddenly. "I've got something to say to you. Shove him up, men. Don't let him hang back." His hand flew to his belt and was raised again, and Louder, who had been pushed to the front of the line, discovered that he was gazing into the muzzle of a "forty-four."

"I ain't goin' to swear at you, Louder," continued Jack, in a voice that was deadly calm, "because there ain't cuss words in the language mean enough to apply to you. I'm goin' to try you, condemn you, and execute you right here, beside the boy you murdered. He's only one of nigh onto two hundred whose lives you're accountable for, an' I reckon you'll be better dead than alive."

He pulled the trigger, and Idaho Pete, shot straight between the eyes, fell at the feet of the Indian boy he had killed. Nobody had foreseen the deed; it came too suddenly and was too unexpected to be prevented; and after it was done Jack returned the gun to his belt, deliberately.

"I reckon you'll say I murdered him, Major," he said; "and mebby I did. Just now I'm goin' to take this dead boy back to his father. If the Kootenais don't kill me when they see me comin' with this burden in my arms, I'll try to make peace for you and save your worthless scalps. If you don't hear from me by day after to-morrow night, you'd better light out of this or send for reënforcements. Mebby I can save you. If I can, I will; but 'tain't you-all that I want to save, it's the peaceable ranchmen 'round here, like Purdy there. If I do come back an' you want to try me for killing that carrion you're welcome; but the man who tries to stop me now 'll git hurted!"

He raised the body of the young Indian in his arms and strode with it to his horse. Then he mounted, and with the stiffening corpse in his arms rode away to the northward, and there was not a man there who thought to move a finger to stay him.

It was a gruesome spectacle, that solitary horseman with the strange burden in his arms toiling northward through the snow toward the village of Gray Eagle, and the soldiers stood silently in their tracks watching it until it became a speck in the distance, and at last disappeared against the blinding blur of whiteness that covered all the land and trees.

The weight of responsibility for what had occurred rested alike upon all. There was no thought among them of the fate that had fallen so swiftly and surely upon the Idaho scout; they remembered only the man who had dared to defy them all, and who had ridden away, regardless of his own danger, to face the maddened Indian chieftain, and they were silent and sad, with a feeling of indescribable fear hovering in the air about them.

The distance to Gray Eagle's village involved, even under the best conditions, a journey of many hours, but burdened as Jack was, with the body of the young In-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dian, and with his horse wallowing at every step almost to his belly in the snow, it was thrice as far; but horse and man toiled on obstinately and indefatigably, the horse answering to his master's words with the willingness of long and constant companionship — the man with his set, stern visage clouded with mingled sorrow and anger, and his arms clasped around the stiffened and unresponsive burden he carried.

The day wore away and night fell, but the trail was well known to both man and steed, so they toiled onward in the starlight tirelessly. And the night waned and died, then grew gray with the morning. Soon the sun jewelled every inch of visible nature with a glittering gem, as they came to the top of the ridge and looked down into the valley where Jack knew that Gray Eagle and his braves were already dancing themselves into the frenzy of war.

Kootenai Jack was walking in advance of the horse, which was now barely able to stagger along behind him; but he still carried Big Horn in his arms, holding him across his breast as if he were asleep. He could hear, faintly, yells and cries from the village at his feet. He knew that already he had been discovered, but he held grimly on, making no sign. His exhaustion was too infinite to leave room for any other thought than the accomplishment of his errand.

He was half-way down the hill, struggling forward with staggering steps, when out from a clump of trees ahead of him the bullet came. It came like fate. It seemed almost as if he had suffered through that terrible journey for the sole purpose of meeting it. It came, and without a cry or a quiver Jack pitched forward over the body of Big Horn into the snow. Then out from that clump of trees came a score of Indians, and in front, with a tiny wreath of smoke still eddying from the rifle he carried, was Kalitan.

The rage of an Indian is diabolical. His sorrow is just as intense; and when Kalitan discovered the identity of the man he had shot, he would have turned the rifle upon himself, but the others seized and tore it from him; and when they saw what it was that Kootenai Jack had brought back to them, their war-paint was forgotten, their frenzy was laid aside; they bore the two still forms to their village, and with bowed heads and in silence laid them before their chief.

One by one those dusky warriors left the tepee of Gray Eagle, washed away every vestige of the war-paint, and returned; and then they grouped themselves silently around the two forms, one of which still breathed, for Kootenai Jack was not dead. They ministered to him in their crude way, as gently as a woman might have done, but it was nightfall ere they knew from his own lips the story of the trial and execution of Peter Louder, and had taken from Jack's pouch the trinkets that Big Horn had worn and returned them to their dead owner; and all that day Kalitan sat with bowed head, waiting. He knew that no one would deny him the right to take his own life if his white brother should die, and he waited. When at last Jack spoke, Kalitan did not raise his head until the voice of Gray Eagle called to him; but he rose quickly then and stood facing the stern, old, iron-faced chieftain, whose sorrow was almost too great for his proud stoicism.

"Our white brother holds Kalitan blameless. Gray Eagle blames you not," he said. "Go to the white chief and his soldiers, and carry the message of peace from Gray Eagle. Say nothing of the injury to our white brother; it is his wish. Go."

Kalitan's eyes turned, and for one instant encountered Jack's. What message was conveyed to him in that quick glance he alone understood, but the gloom went out of his own eyes, and he bounded away like a deer through the night.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRAGEDIES OF STEAMBOAT HISTORIES.

By G. W. Ogden.

Illustrated by D. U. Wilcox.

THE *Charles Belcher*, the new side-wheeler that was preparing to depart for New Orleans on her first trip one May afternoon in 1852, was the pride of St. Louis, and a crowd had gathered to see her off. Deck hands and longshoremen were trundling bales, boxes and barrels of merchandise and storing them in hold and on deck; while the laughing, crying, kissing, kerchief-waving throng kept going and coming between the boat and the town. A few rods from the vessel's prow was the company's office, with a wagon scale in front, where Cutler and another owner were checking bills of lading with the boat's clerk. Captain Bosinger stood on deck, with a comprehensive gaze watching for shirkers among the crew and for stragglers among the passengers. A man leaned on the rail at the captain's side:

"Fine boat, Cap'n," he remarked.

"A very fine boat indeed. Hasn't got her equal on the Mississippi," replied the captain.

"What puzzles me," the man continued, "is the change in her name."

Captain Bosinger whirled about and faced the speaker.

"What do you mean, Joe?"

"Why," explained Joe, "you know I built her hull, and she was christened *Magnolia* when we launched her. Old man Cutler changed her name to *Charles Belcher* about two months ago. I think *Magnolia* is a prettier name than the one she has and, and——"

The rest of his thought was lost, for Captain Bosinger, abruptly leaving the deck, ran to the company's little office on the wharf and, poking his head, with its old plug hat, through the doorway, called out to Cutler:—"You'll have to get another captain for the *Charles Belcher*, originally christened the *Magnolia*. You know as well as I do that no boat whose name begins with the letter *M* can sail the Mississippi or Missouri rivers."

The boat was due to leave in five minutes. Argument, bluster and threat alike failed to move the captain. "It would be different," he said, "if there was only the boat and myself, but there's a big cargo aboard and there are three hundred passengers, half of them women and children."

Old man Cutler rose from the table with its pile of yellow paper, bit off a chew of tobacco and said:—

"'YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER CAPTAIN FOR THE CHARLES BELCHER.'"

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I don't want such a coward to have charge of a boat of mine. I'll take her down myself."

And so the *Charles Belcher*, originally the *Magnolia*, swung away from the dock, out into the stream, on time, her white sides and gold-banded stacks gleaming in the sun.

That afternoon Captain Bosinger sat in the rotunda of The Planters' Hotel with a ring of pilots and captains about him.

"I wouldn't 'a' took her down for twenty thousand dollars," he said. "There never was a letter *M* that didn't blow up, burn, or get snagged out here in the West. They seem to run all right on the Ohio and Illinois rivers, but there's bad luck in the letter *M* on the Missouri and the Mississippi. Years ago old Cap'n Price built the *Metamora*. I coaxed the old codger to call her some other name. He was set on *Metamora*. She ran two years and was snagged and sunk above Choctaw Island. Cap'n Sam Peck built the *Midas*. Her ribs are at the bottom of the Mississippi in the bend above Island 16. You all know of the *Mayflower*—burnt last spring at Memphis. I reckon I could sit here and name a hundred or more *M's* that's been sunk or burned on these two rivers. No, you don't see me master of a boat with an *M* at the front of the name on the paddle-box. I'd rather be conductor on a railroad train."

Old man Cutler, for thirty years a steamboat captain on the Mississippi River, had built the *Charles Belcher* round a dream—that of owning the fastest boat on the river. He built the hull and launched the vessel as the *Magnolia*: then finding that his elaborate plan for cabin and deck had left no money to pay for engines and boilers, he offered one-fourth ownership, with the honor of being the boat's godfather, to Charles Belcher, a saloon keeper, who advanced the $25,000 necessary to complete the vessel.

As Captain Cutler walked the deck of the *Charles Belcher* on the afternoon when she headed for New Orleans, he conceived the idea of winning distinction for himself and for his vessel on this first trip. He determined to crowd steam night and day and cut five hours off the St. Louis-New Orleans record. Then he went below.

In the store of fuel carried by all the big river steamers in those days were several barrels of rosin, to be used for extraordinary heads of steam when occasion arose, for a race with a steamer of an opposition line, or when fighting a storm. The captain ordered a keg of whiskey taken into the boiler-room where the grimy, half-naked firemen were heaving coal and wood into the fire-boxes beneath the long, black boilers, which hissed and muttered and threatened like chained tormented beasts. Ten of the emergency barrels were broken open and rosin was mixed with every shovelful of coal. The flames roared through the flues. Above the boilers, the safety valves, the weight on the lever of which had been moved almost to the danger notch, shrieked out against such folly, but Captain Cutler was too delighted at gaining on the *Ben Franklin*, which had left St. Louis two hours ahead, to give heed to the warning. All afternoon the *Charles Belcher* pressed nearer and nearer to the *Ben Franklin*, and at dark, rounding a bend, she saw the lights of her rival a few miles down the river.

The excitement of the situation spread from Captain Cutler to the passengers. They crowded the forward deck and watched the lights of the *Ben Franklin* grow as the *Charles Belcher*, like some stout swimmer, flung the water from her breast in white-topped billows. At ten o'clock the captain of the *Ben Franklin*, standing at the door of his pilot-house, as the *Charles Belcher* passed her, cried out: "She looks like a woman's soul sailing down the abyss to perdition, with her hair on fire."

Then the passengers of the new vessel cheered their boat and captain for the victory and prepared a dance in honor of the event. The ball took place in the ladies' cabin.

Piled high on the deck of the *Charles Belcher*, above the boilers, was a consignment of carriage wheels, tied in twos with straw between to protect the varnish. Among them a blazing cinder from the overheated fire-boxes lodged, and before the pilot had seen it a fire had started, bursting through the deck, bending eagerly to its work of destruction before the stiff breeze from the south.

Captain Cutler was doing a "buck-and-wing" movement in the "balance-all" of a quadrille when the big bell rang its signal and a woman in her nightdress stood panting in the doorway calling "fire!" At the cry women huddled together in dumb fear, or ran, without reason, up and down the deck. Men, blind with terror, wrenched cabin doors from their hinges, threw them

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

overboard and leaped after them, to be borne down by the gigantic paddle-wheels or engulfed in the waves of the steamer's wake; while others, thinking only of the canvas bag of gold in the burning stateroom, plunged into the bath of fire and fell to the boilers below.

The engines were working at full speed, with the engineer dead at the lever that controlled them. Up in the pilot-house the wheel stood with no one to put it round. The pilot had gone with revolver in hand to

"CAPTAIN CUTLER WAS DOING A BUCK-AND-WING MOVEMENT IN THE BALANCE-ALL OF A QUADRILLE."

the vessel's stern to prevent the firemen making off with the one small yawl, but they were over the side and away before he arrived. When he turned back a wall of fire confronted him. Seizing a blanket from a bunk, he immersed it in a water barrel, wrapped it round his head and shoulders and ran into the flames. The deck gave way and he fell into the mass of blazing wreckage beneath.

Captain Cutler was in the stern of the vessel assuring the passengers that they would be saved and restraining the women from throwing themselves overboard. More than one hundred persons were grouped forward on the small portion of deck remaining; and, although the vessel was running wild under full steam down the middle of the river, none of the men attempted to take charge of the wheel. Some were making rafts of doors, shutters and planks ripped from the cabin walls, some counselled coolness, some prayed. In the midst of the disorder a young woman stood gazing upward at the empty pilot-house and the idle wheel. At her side on a pile of luggage sat an aged man watching the advancing fire. The girl bent over him, shouted in his ear and pointed to the wheel. He clutched her hand and bent forward. Again she shouted in his dull ear, stooped and kissed him on his forehead. When the wind parted the smoke a moment later, Captain Cutler saw at the wheel a tall young woman, dressed in white, with long, dark, flying hair. The passengers felt the vessel rock as she swung out of her course.

Above the screams and hoarse shouts of women and men, the hiss and shriek of the flames, the roar of the safety valve sounded, and the echo came back over the illumined waters from the shore. When the *Charles Belcher* struck the shore at full speed the shock broke the overworked machinery and snapped the tiller ropes. A few men and women leaped to the bank, but the vessel was in deep water astern and the current swung her round, stern down-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stream. She hung so for a moment till the wind catching the fire flung it over the forward deck and swept it of every living thing. Slowly the blazing steamer turned her nose away from the bank, and, drifting side-on, half a mile down stream struck some drift and lodged. Those who were left jumped overboard and were sucked beneath the drift-pile by the strong current. Half an hour later the *Ben Franklin* came up and saved those who had swum ashore. Out of three hundred and twenty passengers seventy-six were saved. Captain Cutler was lost; and no one has ever cleared the mystery surrounding the young woman who took the dangerous position at the wheel. When the flames swept over the forward part of the boat she disappeared.

"It was all the fault of the letter *M*," said Captain Bosinger, when he heard of the burning of the *Charles Belcher*. "The bad luck of an *M* sticks, no matter how you try to cover it up."

The steamboat industry on Western rivers flourished for only fifty years; after that period it passed away for lack of support. But during its short existence it made an astonishing record of disasters and loss of life. For the first twenty-five years explosions were common because mechanics had not yet succeeded in making a suitable harness for steam power, nor had engineers yet learned its vagaries. During the last twenty-five years fire sent ten steamers to the bottom of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, while explosions wrecked but one. These fires nearly always occurred while the boats were running, and were generally due to injudicious stoking in the eagerness to win a race.

Why no provision for life-saving was made on the great steamers of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers is not clear. The steamers seldom, if ever, carried more than one small boat, called a yawl, although it was no larger than an ordinary skiff. Hidden from the passengers in some inaccessible part of the deck, it must have been known only to the crew, judging from such notes as are generally appended to the chronicles of suffering and death:

"If the crew had not made off with the yawl, the women and children could have been saved,"

and—

"The yawl was lowered by the crew, who got into it and rowed ashore. If they had plied between the steamer and the shore instead of abandoning the yawl after they landed, numerous lives would have been saved."

The chronicles tell also of men tearing doors from hinges and cutting out portions of the decks and cabins for the purpose of constructing life-buoys. Life-preservers are never mentioned, nor do steamboat advertisements of the early days refer to them in their inventories of safety appliances.

Between 1816, when steamboat traffic was becoming important on Western waters, and 1871, when it was waning, more than one thousand vessels were lost on the Mississippi and its tributaries. Allowing an average of ten lives (a most conservative figure) lost in each disaster, the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio and Illinois rivers in fifty-five years furnished graves for ten thousand people.

The first steamboat explosion in America occurred in 1816, on the Ohio River, a few hundred miles below Pittsburg. The steamer was the *Washington*, and nine lives were lost. A cylinder-head blew out while the crew was raising an anchor. Although this can hardly be called a Western disaster, it is interesting as being the first of its kind, and because of the revulsion against steamboat travel which it created in the popular mind. Ministers of the gospel pointed to the disaster as a retributive stroke from the invisible Hand that holds the balance of human destinies, and as a warning against the overweening ambitions of mankind.

The most disastrous year in steamboat history was 1860, when one hundred and twenty vessels were lost on Western waters. The greatest loss of life in a single wreck occurred just before daybreak, in early April, 1864, when the *Sultana* exploded fifteen miles above St. Louis, and one thousand, six hundred and forty-seven people were scalded, blown to pieces or drowned. The boat carried only passengers, most of them Federal soldiers returning home from the war. It is supposed the explosion was due to a weak flue in one of the tubular boilers with which the boat was equipped. History has grudgingly given two paragraphs to these unfortunate soldiers who escaped death in a hundred battles to meet this inglorious end.

On April 9, 1852, the *Saluda* exploded as she was putting out from the wharf at Lexington. More than one hundred passengers were lost and several people on shore were killed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The *Saluda* was a large, new vessel. She was bound up-river, and had been detained four days at Lexington by a heavy wind and a strong tide, due to the breaking of an ice gorge in the North. On board, among other passengers, were two hundred Mormons, travelling to Nebraska, whence they intended to go by wagon to Utah. They were under the leadership of an aged elder. On the third morning of the *Saluda's* enforced idleness, the Mormons began packing up their goods and carrying them ashore,

"CAPTAIN CUTLER SAW AT THE WHEEL A TALL YOUNG WOMAN DRESSED IN WHITE."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

far back from the dock. In answer to the captain's questions the elder replied:

"The Lord has told us to wait for another boat. Disaster will overtake the *Saluda* before to-morrow noon."

The captain explained to the elder that the passage money would be thrown away if he persisted.

"Money is not weighed in the scale with life," the elder mildly replied. "We set out without a sign—it is a rebuke, a lesson."

When the Mormons had disembarked the elder approached the captain.

"I would, out of tenderness, warn the Gentiles who remain on the ship," he said, "but your face tells me that you are a violent man and I shall not go aboard to do so. You can save them if you will. Before to-morrow noon the *Saluda* will be a scattered wreck. Tell the people to go ashore."

The captain laughed.

"Ten minutes before the boilers explode to-morrow morning," said the Mormon, "the steamer's bell will ring three taps. If you hear and fail to heed, woe be unto you!"

"'IF YOU HEAR AND FAIL TO HEED, WOE BE UNTO YOU'"

That afternoon the Mormon elder and his followers sailed for the North on another steamer. The *Saluda* could have breasted the current, but her captain kept her lashed to the dock in hope of getting some passengers in place of those he had lost.

At 9:30 o'clock the next morning, while the captain was on the dock, the steamer's big brass bell which hung over the forward deck sounded three strokes. He ran to the deck, expecting to find some joker who had overheard the old Mormon's warning, but the tongue of the bell was drawn tightly against the mouth and bound with the line as he had seen it shortly before. Still believing that some passenger had rung it, he offered five dollars to any one who would point out the man.

"I was lookin' right out that way and I didn't see a soul. Nobody touched the rope, Cap'n," the pilot assured him. "I don't like the looks of it."

The captain ordered the lines cast off, and the steamer backed her paddles and left the dock. Fifty feet from the shore, at 9:40 o'clock, her boilers exploded. Fragments of human bodies were thrown a quarter of a mile and fell in the streets of the village. A man's head was blown like a cannon-ball through the side of a house. The clerk found himself three hundred yards inshore, uninjured, beside the boat's safe. The captain's dead body, without a bruise or a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

broken bone, was found in the doorway of a church, through the roof of which the steamer's bell had fallen. More than twenty-five women were lost, and as the books went down with the steamer it was never known who all the passengers were.

The bell was hung in the church tower and was rung at the funeral of those killed in the explosion. For weeks thereafter people wondered why the sexton rang the bell at half-past nine each morning. The sexton wondered why the school boys teased him by ringing the bell so persistently every day. Then it was noticed that it gave only three taps. The minister spoke to the sexton about it, who said he rang the bell only on prayer-meeting nights, on Sundays and for funerals. Next morning they watched together to catch the guilty boy. At 9:30 the bell rang, but no boy stood tugging at the rope. The people recalled the signal on the *Saluda* just before she blew up, and a passenger who had heard the Mormon

"'NOBODY TOUCHED THE ROPE, CAP'N,' THE PILOT ASSURED HIM."

elder's warning and had left the boat told the story. He had not warned the passengers because he was afraid they would laugh at him.

In time the original sexton died. The new one went into the belfry to ring for his funeral. He had started the bell swaying when the rope was snatched roughly from his grasp by some invisible force. The bell

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

abruptly ceased tolling and the three deliberate taps sounded over Lexington, as they had done for years. Something forced him to put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and draw out his watch. It was 9:30 o'clock.

For forty years, without visible resistance, the bell tapped three times every morning at 9:30. This signal, known as "the elder's warning," mystified the wise until ten years ago, when it was silenced by a tornado that blew the belfry down. Since then the bell has remained unhung.

GREAT DAYS IN GREAT CAREERS.

ANDREW JACKSON, 1832.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Illustrated from Old Engravings.

IT was an afternoon, crisp and cold and clear, and with a crackling skim of frost on the sod and a tinge of frost in the air—a lingering legacy of winter, this—altogether a day proper for middle autumn rather than the April of any honest year. It was just three of the clock as I turned up the homeward walk to the White House. I was hurrying my pace, since I meditated doing two or three letters before supper. Affairs were going sluggishly, and with dull gravitation toward the bad, on my far-away Nashville farms; and a few commands were called for from me to make by way of remedy. The General and I contemplated despatching a special express on the morrow to carry home-bound letters for us both; for it would seem that his overseers at the Hermitage stood as much in want of the master's word as did my own. It was this private express to start at sunrise—he would be twenty days going, and ride his best, that messenger—that called for haste in my letter-writing. Moreover, I should be obliged to help the General with his own missives, since for long he had learned to lean heavily upon me for grammar and orthography.

"WITH A HIGH GAMECOCK AIR PECULIARLY HIS OWN."
From an engraving of the painting by Earl.

"I am a good chief magistrate but a bad speller," the General would say, "so if you please, Major, we'll have you write while I dictate."

This, so far from being irksome, was a vast pleasure to me; and inasmuch as I dwelt with him at the White House, became indeed a valued element of our companionship. I had been with the General, war and peace, for thirty years on end, and he was like an elder brother to me; besides, according to a tale he told himself, it was I who most of men had made him President.

As I came up the White House walk, the General's ramrod form—tall hat, dark garb, swinging tasselled walking-stick, and all with a high gamecock air peculiarly his own—emerged from the mansion's front door. Observing me, he bent his steps my way.

"Come with me for a short walk," he said.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE FROM THE RIVER."
From an engraving published by George Virtue in 1839.

Then as I turned: "But first step down to the stables. I must have a look at my horses. That clumsy creature, Charlie, let them run away; and besides a strain or so to the horses and a hand's breadth of hide knocked off the nigh one's shoulder, he broke the wheel of the coach—my wife's coach, Major; I wouldn't have had it injured for a world of coaches."

The General had been wifeless and desolate for full fifteen months. His goddess had witnessed his election, but she was not to double a White House honor by sharing it. When the inauguration drums went rolling she was sleeping soundly, deeply in her grave in Tennessee, while her lover-husband, with face grief-worn and the seat of a mighty sorrow, rode alone to the Capitol and made his oath.

"I am more concerned for the carriage," remarked the General, as we went about the western corner of the mansion and bent our course toward the stables, "than for the horses. If she were here now, her whole tender thought would be of the latter."

The General only occasionally referred to his dead wife as "Rachel"; commonly it was "she" or "her"; wherefore to me—who knew his mood—the personal pronoun became in no sense an ambiguity.

The injuries to the carriage were not grievous, and a look of pleased relief stood in the General's gray eyes. The horses, too, had come well through their unauthorized dash along the road; and a hostler, skilful of horse-drugs, gave his word to cure them of every ill received with a quart of wormwood and vinegar, and a spoonful of tar for the cuts.

"Beauties, eh?" said the General, as he admired the horses' sleek gray-dappled coats with hand and eye. "Beauties they are indeed! And descended in direct line from my great horse, Truxton. You remember Truxton—that never-beaten king of the Clover Bottom Course?"

I recalled Truxton easily enough. The more readily, perhaps, since it was that fleet champion's match with the renowned Ploughboy which in part opened murderous gate to the savage duel with Dickinson, wherein that excellent shot, but impulsive gentleman, gave up his life; remitting to my old Commander the while a wound from which he never afterward was well, and which searched for his life to the revengeful, unrelenting last.

"And how about Congress?" asked the General, as leaving the horses to wormwood, vinegar and tar we went about our proposed walk. "I suppose the Senate still heaves with the ground-swells of the Webster-Hayne debate."

"There's no end of cloakroom talk," I said, "about nullification, if that's what you mean." Then to try him out a trifle I went

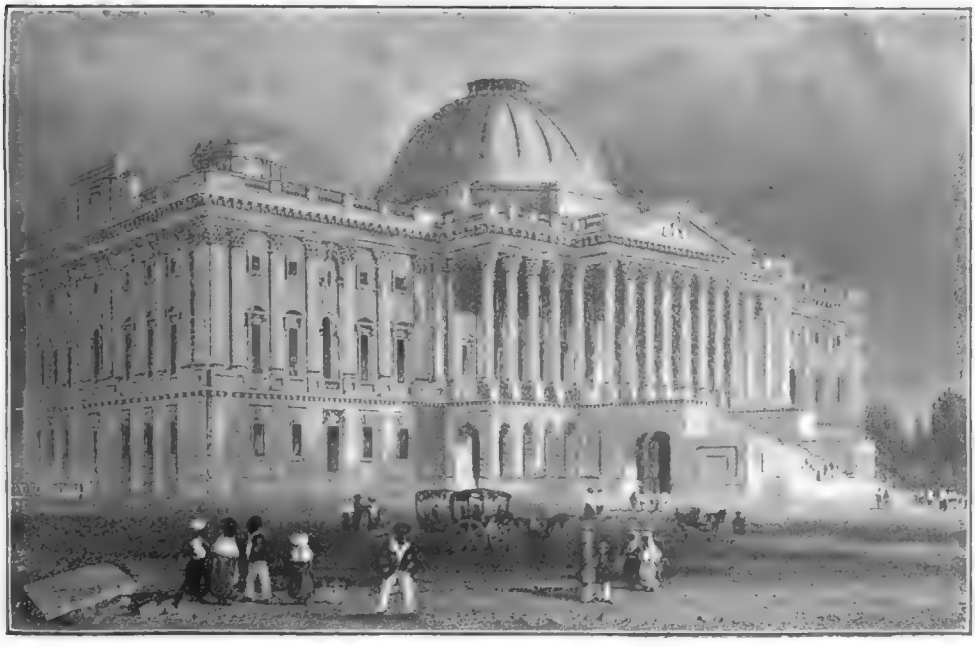
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

forward: "There be folk, General—and your friends at that—who wonder you are not with Calhoun and South Carolina for this principle of States' Rights." I followed this last observe with a fine flourishing setting-forth of every argument bearing favorably for the Calhoun-Hayne contention; and closed all by expressing mild surprise that he should agree with Webster and his New Englanders, who were not and never had been his friends.

"Beware of metaphysics," he retorted, turning his keen look against me, while I laid down one by one those various refinements and abstractions touching the Constitution and the compact between the States wherewith the Palmetto gentry—the Calhouns and the Butlers and the Pinckneys and the Haynes—were blazing a path for the future progress of Secession; "beware of metaphysics! No good comes of splitting hairs. Calhoun is not trustworthy. Did he not for years deceive and teach me to believe he was my great friend with Monroe, when it was he of all the Cabinet of that day who urged my court-martial for taking Pensacola and hanging Ambrister and Arbuthnot? Calhoun was ever my enemy; sir, it was you, yourself, who opened my eyes to that perfidy. And now you talk as one who should urge on me this prince of duplicity for a statesman whose word is worth a following. Calhoun is congenitally corrupt and bad, and can be nothing that is true or good or high."

Here the General, as his anger mounted, began striking viciously at old weeds, dead and winter-bitten, which ranked the path we traversed, cutting them down with his hickory stick as with a sabre. "Where the source is black," he went on passionately, "the stream will carry a stain! There is but one worse than Calhoun—that arch-rogue, Clay. And my friends show amazement, do they, because I follow Webster and the Yankees? Sir, I know the Yankees; they are a dour, hard, cunning brood, fed on thistle-tops and foxes' ears, who to aid their interests and in the way of trade might not scruple to overreach. I have yet to hear, however, they betray their friends as did Calhoun, and lie about it afterward; I have still to learn they would bargain the downfall of their party as did Clay." The General's voice here rose keen and shrill, like the far high scream of some soaring eagle.

"Calm yourself, General," I said, in tones which never failed to bring him to himself. "There's scant need of informing all Washington City of our White House opinions



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.
As it was in President Jackson's day.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

touching Clay and Calhoun. Moreover I but laid out the South Carolina argument to hear your cool reasons against it. For myself, as well you know, I'm a foe to nullification; against States' Rights as presently taught; and favor with heart and head and hand a union imperishable as the hills."

Arctic ice and iron than the General's. His glance on the one fell heavy as granite and as cold; while the other might warm himself in its genial rays.

"Calhoun," went on the General, but with temper more in hand, "claims for his State the right to annul the law—the right to

From an engraving of a portrait painted not long after the battle of New Orleans, as Major-General.

The General smiled with that smile which was his nearest journey to a laugh. While denouncing Clay and Calhoun he had paused in his walk and taken off his high white hat, deep girdled of a mourning band. As he talked he beat this stiff headgear with his cane until I quite trembled for its integrity. But it won safely through; it was indeed a hat as tough and long-lasting as its owner. While the General waxed gusty with rage against his enemies, his stubble hair, white as milk, stood erect in a spinous way; also his eyes gleamed as though fed of fires. They shone steadily, quietly, and with a solvent honest warmth when unexcited, or amiable with a friend. At sight or thought of an enemy, however, no eyes could be more of

secede from the Union. And it's secession he's resolved on. He counts on other States to join him. Already in Charleston they arrange to strike medals bearing the words, 'John C. Calhoun, First President of the Southern Confederacy.' Does not that tell the story of their intentions? Sir, if we were to guide by this doctrine of nullification, the Union would be like a bag open at both ends. No matter where or how you picked it up, the meal would all run out. I shall tie the bag and save the country."

The General's lean jaws at this closed hard and iron-fast like a trap, while his nose seemed more beaky and predatory than before. Evidently he half scented Calhoun as a prey to come.

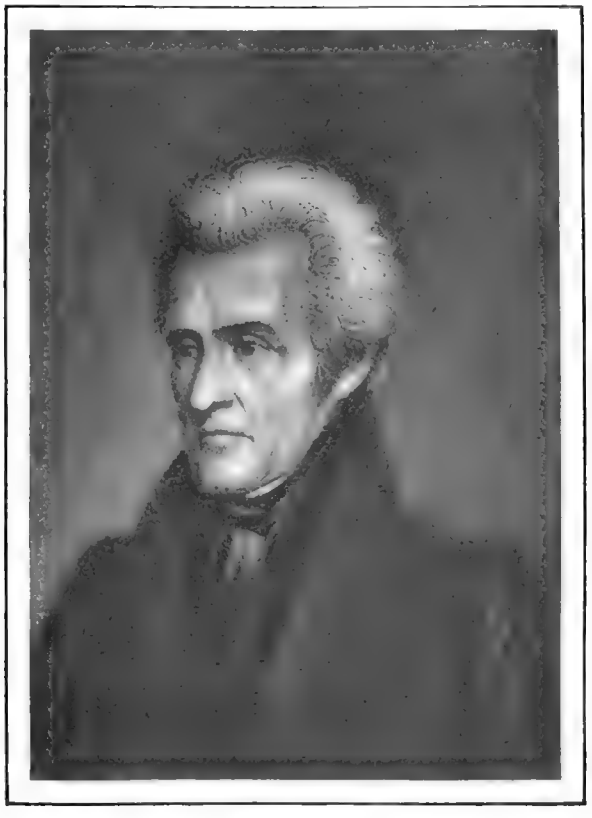
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You seem deeply to hate both Clay and Calhoun, General," I suggested.

"And it's their character more than their acts I loathe," he said. "They creep and crawl and sprawl in ambush and strike at midnight. They pretend friendship while plotting destruction. To such folk I could never be reconciled. I was born to make war upon their reptile tribe—war to the death. I have hated other men, fought other men, and then became their friend. But they were fair men—brave men—true men. They could oppose, they could hate while blood was hot, but they couldn't lie; treachery owned no part with them. Such were and are the Bentons. As I walk with you I feel the rankle of a Benton bullet in my shoulder; and yet a Benton stands to-day facing my foes on the floor of the Senate."

stretches of silence between us; one of these I found myself devoting to a half-wondering while wholly affectionate perusal of the strangely mixed nature of the man by my side. One moment fierce as an osprey, the next tender as a flower—now warm with friendship, now bitter cold with hate—now a Hecla, now an iceberg; and always in extreme. There was with him no moderation—no middle ground. It was, I argued, the upcome of his Scotch-Irish strain. Withal he was more Scotch than the Scotch, more Irish than the Irish. At once prudent and reckless; cool and fiery; headlong as an avalanche; the sublimated soul of caution.

"My rule," he remarked suddenly, yet with an air of fine philosophy, and confronting my thought, pat, as though I'd spoken it forth in words; "my rule, which has more



ANDREW JACKSON.
From the drawing by J. B. Longacre.

We had turned now and were journeying toward the White House, as we aimed to be at home before dark, and your April day is not the longest of the year. There were

than once confused you in your estimates of me, is to stand first by prudence and take all possible time to think. Then when the moment for action arrives, I plunge in and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stop—utterly stop—thinking. That's been ever my code; and I never lost a battle—I was never whipped."

The sun was still an hour over Georgetown when we found ourselves opposite to the White House, but still the square's distance from it. Supper would only come with sundown, since we still adhered to our Tennessee cutoms; so having moments to spare, we rested ourselves upon a bench which owned a thick pine tree at its back.

"Do you know," remarked my companion, "I never walk in this square but I think of the day when the British burned the White House. They halted in this very park, and told off the squad of incendiaries and sent them across. Mrs. Madison was about to give a dinner, and was fairly driven from the table by the bayonets of the English. I would I'd been here," he continued thoughtfully; "I'd have made it for those visitors another New Orleans. Mrs. Madison should have had her dinner if I'd been here."

"PRASIDENT DER VEREINIGTEN STAATEN,"
And his horses "Descended in direct line from my great horse, Truxon."
From a contemporary German print.

"The English are good soldiers," I urged.

"They are marvellously puissant," he retorted, while his eyes lit those usual quick lamps of rage, "when they number two for one of the enemy." The General's antipathy for the English was so great he could never do them justice. "I carry some record of their gallantry myself," he continued, as he took off his hat and parted his bristling hair, where the long welt of a sabre-slash proved a refusal to blacken an English officer's boots, and that dignitary's resentment thereof, in the storm-twisted years of the Revolution, when the General was a boy of twelve. "That fixed my opinion of the English," he said, as he replaced his hat. "And can you believe it, that scar burned like fire the day at New Orleans. Also, it has felt better ever since." And here the General laughed.

. . . . . .

It was crowding midnight, and I'd finished my own letters, as well as several of the General's, and made them ready in a packet for our next day's carrier. Having a forgotten word or so to say to him, I went down the hall from my room to that of the General. As I pushed open the door after a premonitory tap, I found him sitting at his table. He was arrayed for bed. Propped against a book was the large miniature of Mrs. Jackson which through the day he wore on a black cord about his neck. He had been pondering it, and the tears were still wet upon his face. Open before him was her prayer-book.

"I read it for her sake," he said, indicating the prayer-book. "She tried to make me a Christian. I promised her, so soon as I was done with the Presidency and with politics, I'd become a Christian. I can't be a hypocrite: you know that; you know, too, what a President must be, and what a Christian should be. No man can be both; no man can be both." His gaze sought the miniature, while a wonderful love looked from his eyes until the tears came to cloud them. "The day will come when I shall keep my word with her. I want Heaven for her sake. And yet I could have no Heaven without her—it would be no Heaven unless I met her there," and the sobs took strong possession of his voice while his tears fell. "I'd give every honor and triumph I've ever had—or have—or shall have—to hold her hand again and have her by my side one moment."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Here he broke and wept in that utter fashion common with a child hard-stricken of a grief beyond repair. I offered no word, but sat down by his side and took his hand in mine. I had been his comforter more than once on like occasion.

As I held his hand while he collected himself, my glance wandered to the mantel above the open fire. There hung the long pistols, with one of which he'd slain Dickinson. I had my thoughts on these weapons when he looked up. His quick instinct read my mind.

"It's the one I killed Dickinson with," he said, with a fashion of simple innocence. "I bought that and its fellow when I married—I gave every dollar I had for them. I devoted them to the destruction of any man who spoke ill of my wife."

Again the gay gleam of the born fighter lighted his face, still wet with sorrow; and I could not but consider, had he lived in a day of cross-handled blades and mailed chivalry, what a knight he'd have been.

"There's my library, Major," he said, following a pause. His tones were again brightly cheerful, as he pointed toward three or four volumes on his table. They were the prayer-book mentioned, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and John Marshall's decision in the Aaron Burr case done in pamphlet. "There's the law of treason for you," he said, picking up the pamphlet. "Old Marshall makes it as plain as a pikestaff. A wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein. I'm reading up on treason so as to be ready at the proper moment to nab Calhoun. I shall yet teach him the law; you may tie to that!"

. . . . . .

"This is the great Jefferson's birthday," observed the General as we met for breakfast. He was apparently in much spirits and health, not at all the invalid of the midnight before. I was not surprised; the man could pull himself together like a steel watch-spring by merest effort of the will. "Shall you go to the Jefferson dinner to-night at the Indian Queen? Calhoun and all the nullifiers will be present."

"THE FEDERAL UNION—IT SHALL BE PRESERVED."

"Yes," I replied, "I shall go. And you?"

"I shall be there," he exclaimed. "They have asked me, intending, if I accept, to put this nullification test on me—these Calhoun intriguers! Some of them think I dare not come! I'll disappoint them." Here he started up and, as was his habit when excited, went to the mantel of the breakfast room and began to fill with tobacco a clay pipe furnished of a long reed stem. As he cloudily puffed his smile came back as though with some comic memory. "You recall when the great doctor was brought from Baltimore to consider my case? 'Doctor,' I said, 'I'll do everything you can ask save two things. I won't give up coffee and tobacco.' 'Then you'll die,' he growled, mighty sour, 'for it's coffee and tobacco that are killing you.' 'Then I'll die,' I retorted, 'since coffee and tobacco are all that's left worth living for.' But he was wrong, this doctor; he thought my hemorrhage meant consumption, while I knew it was only that Dickinson slug."

August, the obsequious, announced a visitor—Mr. Rhett of South Carolina.

"Show him in!" commanded the General, while his nostrils dilated. "Calhoun has sent this fellow," he said to me when August had withdrawn. "Mark me now! Calhoun has sent him to feel me out in this matter of their contemplated treasons."

Mr. Rhett was tall and sallow and dark—a pure type of his people. Smooth and suave, he offered his compliments to the General. The latter observed an attitude of admissionless urbanity that told nothing, conceded nothing.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I go to-morrow to Charleston, Mr. President," and Mr. Rhett bowed low as he prepared to take his leave. "I shall meet many of our most prominent men. Have you any commands for your friends in my State?" There was a sub-current of meaning, and a half-sneer, at that, with what our visitor was saying.

"Yes," responded the General, and there came a flurry of winter in his tones; "yes, I have a word to send them. Give my compliments to my friends in your State, and say that if a single hand is raised there in opposition to the laws of the United States, I will hang to the first tree I can reach the first man I can lay hands on who was engaged in such treason."

When our visitor had retired—moved somewhat and fluttered by the message given him—the General wheeled and with sudden fury dashed his pipe to atoms on the hearth.

"You observe," he exclaimed, "how they try me! You will witness it! But by the Heaven above us, I'll uphold the law!"

MRS. ANDREW JACKSON.

. . . . . .

The Indian Queen was the best filled hostelry in Washington that night. The halls and waiting-rooms on the second floor of the tavern were crowded of eminent folk. Some were present to attend the Jefferson dinner; others were casually there for gossip and to hear the news.

As the General and I came up the stair my eye was caught by the heavy shoulders and lion face of Webster coming down.

"There's too much secession in the air for me," remarked Webster as the General, after greeting him, asked if he were going away.

"You did not leave the Senate for that," responded the General, with a smile. "If secession be here it's a reason for remaining."

Webster shrugged his big shoulders and went on.

As I gazed at the chatting groups—waiting, they were, for the opening of the banquet hall—I met many a great face. Among those about the stair-head and in the rooms beyond were Colonel Johnson of Kentucky, tall of form, grave of brow, he who slew Tecumseh; Benton, big, pompous, wise, but with a deep conceit; the lean Rufus Choate, eloquent and sound; Corwin, round, humorous, with a face of ruddy fun; White, the dignified, in the Senate from my own State of Tennessee; Isaac Hill, gray and lame, the General's friend in New Hampshire; Noah, a Hebrew with red hair, and, per incident, a foremost editor of New York; Van Buren, Secretary of State, small and suave and plausible; Vaughan, the British Minister, a graceful man of courts; the quick-eyed Amos Kendall, that transplanted Yankee from the Blue Grass; the rotund, bluff Duff Green, editor of the Washington *Telegraph;* Calhoun, pale, high and scholarly; Huygens, the Minister from Holland — a tubby personage and dull; Krudener, the Russian envoy, with red waistcoat, red heels to his shoes, and ear-rings in his ears; Eaton, the War Secretary, easy, florid, urbane; Branch and Berrien and Barry, all of the Cabinet; Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury, looking the Pennsylvania paper-maker he was.

The dinner was announced, and two by two—one hundred and twenty-two in all—the banqueters trudged upward to the floor above, where, in the wide ballroom, five tables were spread. The decorations were studied in their simple democracy. From many-armed iron branches hundreds of candles blazed about the plain walls of the room and made the light of noon. For the rest, the walls were hung with flags—the national stars and stripes, for a centre-piece, draped about a portrait of Jefferson, were just back of the seat of Lee of Virginia, who was to preside. Extending round the four sides of the apartment were festooned the flags of foreign nations and the flags of the several States. With peculiar ostentation, it seemed to me, and next to the national colors, hung the banner of South Carolina, with its Palmetto tree and rattlesnake—Calhoun's emblem.

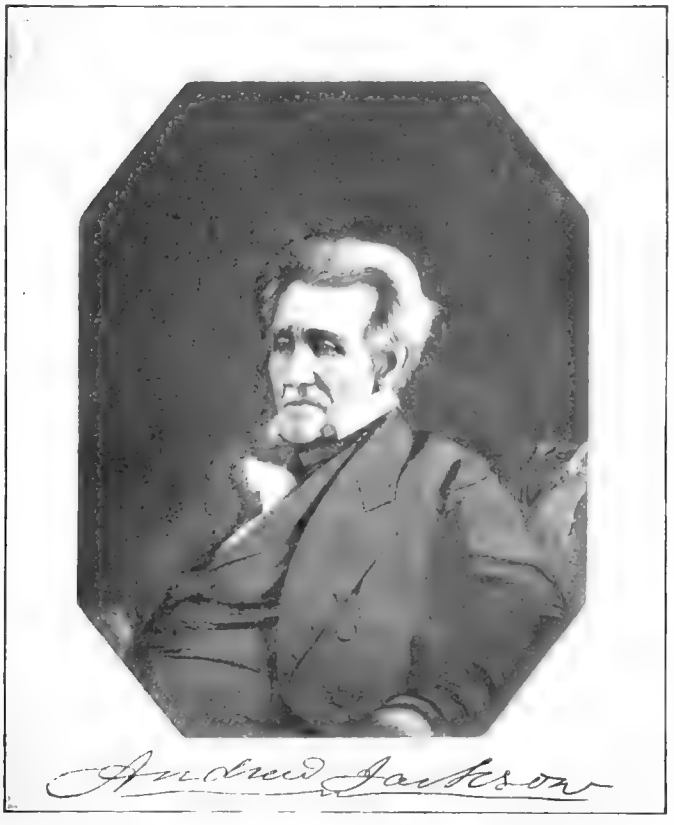
"Do you see it?" said the General, in a low tone as we approached our seats at table; "do you see Calhoun's flag? That serpent may rattle but it must not strike."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"And if it should strike?"

"If it strikes, it dies;" and the General's face was as grim as were the words.

Both profusion and table elegance were displayed in the dinner arrangements, with none of that long-drawn foolishness of courses so dear to Whigs and Federals and others, imitators of an English nobility. Black servants came and went to shift one's plate and knife or aid in carving at call of guest. Up and down the tables reposed huge sirloins and smoking rounds of beef; quail pies there were, and chickens fried, and roasted turkeys. There stood pies of venison and rabbit, and potpies of squirrels; soups and fish and vegetables; boiled hams and giant dishes of earthenware holding baked pork-and-beans; together with roasted suckling pigs and each with a crab-apple in its mouth. Corn breads and flour breads there were, and pancakes rolled with jellies; while a dozen sideboards, placed about, upheld puddings—Indian, rice and plum—and quaking custards, and scores of kindred dainties. Also the tables bristled with ranks and double ranks of bottles and decanters; and every drink, from whisky to Wine of the Cape, was at the call of each. There, too, abode wooden bowls of salads on side tables, supported by weighty cheeses. And to close the list came pies, mince and pumpkin, and twenty more; with final coffee, and slim, long pipes and tobacco of Trinidad for folk who would smoke.



TAKEN AT THE "HERMITAGE" IN HIS SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, THE YEAR OF HIS DEATH.

Before we were seated, and while we stood at our chair's back, the chairman, Lee, as servants filled the glasses, proposed:

"The memory of Thomas Jefferson."

The toast was drunk in silence; and then with a "Be seated, gentlemen!" from the chair, the ready clatter of knife and fork, the thirsty clink of glass, and the murmurous hum of conversation over all, commenced.

As talk went on, nullification and seces-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sion were so much the plain object of the hour, so loosely on the common lip, that several gentlemen—more timorous than loyal, perhaps—made excuses and from time to time withdrew.

The General's presence was a plain surprise to many; but for himself he carried it off as though it were the most expected of possible things. The General sat on the right hand of the presiding Lee. I was, myself, on the General's right. Opposite was Calhoun, with Berrien and Branch and Ingham of the Cabinet. The quartette were on most beamingly intimate terms. The General, as we sat down, gave them a sweeping bow, which they might share between them.

"Calhoun," whispered the General to me, indicating, meanwhile, the Vice-President with a nod, "is already drawing about him half my Cabinet. I'll amaze him some day by making him a present of the three."

An hour passed by; the banquet reached a profound glass-and-bottle stage. There were twenty regular toasts, and each smelled of secession; while the speeches they gave rise to were even more malodorous of that villainy. I was narrowly watching the General, the while marvelling much at the calmness wherewith he maintained himself. He sat throughout these various wordy treasons of speech and toast, cold and deep, and master of a chill dignity that well became both himself and the eminence of his station.

The hour was turning late. Calhoun glanced across at the General; there was a questioning uneasiness on his brow. He gave a slip of paper to Lee, presiding, at whose left he was placed, and whispered a word.

"The Vice-President proposes a toast," said the chairman. There came an instant stillness; the laughter and the talk were hushed. The chairman read:

"'*The Federal Union. Next to our liberty, the most dear. May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and the burden of the Union.*'"

There was silence, marked and profound; folk strained and craned, as should those who sought the effect of a shot. Every face, replete of interrogation—and if one must have it truly told, defiance—was turned upon the General. For himself, he never wore a harder look. He scribbled a quick line on a card and passed it to the chairman.

"The President offers a toast," cried that official. Then solemnly, as one who felt its weight:

"'*The Federal Union. It must be preserved.*'"

Not a sound—not a word followed. The General's glance was on Calhoun, as gray and pointed as a bayonet! That gentleman for a moment gave him look for look; then his eye fell, his cheek paled, he seemed to shrink and sear and wither before the Man of Fire. Perhaps he saw the future's peril or felt some prophecy thereof.

The General it was who broke the silence. Pushing back, he arose, and bowing to the chairman, who still sat with that toast of menace in his hand, he began moving toward the door. His head was lifted and he bore himself with a canty, cocky mien as should he who flings a gauntlet to the world.

"Come, Major," he said, "the hour grows late."

THE HERMITAGE.

Jackson's estate, near Nashville, Tennessee.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE UNEMPLOYED RICH.

Mrs. Dazzledick's "At Home."

By Mary Manners.

With Illustrations by Harrison Fisher.

[This is not fiction, but the true record of a day in the life of a well-known type of society woman whose large income enables her to gratify every whim.—Editor.]

"I THINK I shall give a resurrection party," said Mrs. Dazzledick, looking thoughtfully intelligent for two minutes, and then suddenly exploding into a crackling laugh. "Everybody can come as their own ancestors. That will make some of these people sit up and look about them!"

She made the remark to her mother-in-law—a stiff-backed old lady with a humped nose, who happened to be lunching at the house—and had the satisfaction of seeing her sit up and look about her with great disfavor.

"I do not think I ever heard of that especial form of entertainment before," she observed, coldly.

"Of course you never did—I'm just in process of inventing it," returned the younger lady, leaning negligently back in her chair and throwing one knee over the other in a way calculated to combine perfect comfort with as liberal a display of underwear and hosiery as could be seen in any shop window. "Nobody would be admitted except in the certified costume of a certified ancestor—Adam and Eve barred, you know, no matter what the weather! It would be a perfect Trades' Union—if they would only carry it out in the proper spirit—tinkers, tailors, carpenters, cowboys, miners, milkmen, butchers, bakers, blacksmiths, bandits—there seem to be lots of businesses beginning with B, don't there? What do you suppose all the wives were? Plain cooks and washer-women, very likely—only you couldn't get their female descendants to acknowledge it, foolish things! They'd be ashamed."

"In my day the object of giving a party was not to make your guests either ridiculous or uncomfortable," remarked Mrs. Richard Bright, senior, glancing at her daughter-in-law's ankles and ostentatiously pulling down her own skirts.

Mrs. Dazzledick—(this was a foolish name which the junior Mrs. Richard had acquired during the early years of her marriage, while her husband's eyes were in a constant state of dilation on account of her wild doings)—Mrs. Dazzledick laughed maliciously and cocked her foot a little higher.

"In *your* day you tried to entertain your friends, I suppose. In our day we just

"'I think I shall give a resurrection party.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

amuse ourselves and if people don't like it, why—'they don't have to play in our yard,'" she observed, blithely quoting from a once-popular song.

"Is that your idea of hospitality?" inquired Mrs. Bright severely.

"That's my whole theory of life," returned her daughter-in-law. "Just go ahead and please yourself, and other people will run after you—that is, if you have money enough to keep things going! If you waited for them to put themselves out for you otherwise, you'd wait a long time. Now, look at these women—my friends! Cats!" exclaimed Mrs. Dazzledick, with perfect good humor. "They know well enough I'm readier to scratch them than they are to scratch me. I say what I please, and do what I please, and they're glad to play with me on my own terms. I'm so 'original' and 'eccentric.' If I were meek, and tried to do what I thought they'd like, they'd never know I was there. You have to make yourself pretty tall and conspicuous these days to be seen above the crowd. You don't smoke or drink, do you?" she added, breaking off to indicate that the butler, with liquors, and the footman, with cigarettes and a tiny lighted lamp on a tray, were standing at Mrs. Bright's elbow. The ladies were sitting in the drawing-room after luncheon.

"'I do not think I ever heard of that especial form of entertainment.'"

"Certainly not," returned her mother-in-law, with emphasis, "and I hope you do not indulge in such revolting habits."

"I don't smoke—because it's bad for my throat," said Mrs. Dick, helping herself to apricot brandy. "I just have the cigarettes here in case any one wants them. But I do drink—moderately—because it's good for my spirits, to say nothing of my digestion. One gets so fagged one hasn't a word to throw at a dog by dinner time. I really think it's better than the strong-tea habit. I've always noticed you took your tea very strong."

Mrs. Bright rose majestically and held out her hand.

"That has nothing to do with the subject we were discussing."

Mrs. Dick rose also, putting down her empty glass.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "*My* bad habits—*your* bad habits—bad habits in general. Must you be off? So sorry. I hadn't half finished about the party."

"Can I see Hester before I go?" inquired Mrs. Bright coldly.

"I haven't an idea where she is," returned Hester's mother, carelessly. "I'll ring and find out, if you really wish it. Between good works and a college career I see very little of Hester. We're not at all congenial, you know. I rather thought we should be when she grew up and came out, but we're not. She doesn't care about anything I care for."

Mrs. Dazzledick was quite accustomed to startle her audience by an exaggerated freedom of speech, but she was unprepared for the reception her words met with on this occasion.

"Arabella!" cried her incensed mother-in-law. "You are a frivolous, flippant, foolish woman. You care for nothing but amusing yourself and creating cheap effects among the stupid puppets who surround you. Your daughter is a million times too good for you. I don't see how you ever happened to have such a child. Give her my love. Good-bye."

Mrs. Richard departed and Mrs. Dick sat down and laughed.

"I suspect she wishes I were dead, or divorced, and Dick married to a Quaker," she said to herself. "Only she never would admit it in her own mind. Funny old woman! I rather like her. Wasn't she shocked about the resurrection party? I love to shock her! But I don't think I'll give that party. It wouldn't be a success, I'm afraid. What can I have?" and she yawned with the effort of thought. "It must be something new."

The cry of all the restless world, ancient and modern, especially of Mrs. Dazzledick's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

particular little circle in their corner of it, was in those words: "Give us something new! Do us a new trick! Dance us a new dance! Tell us a new story! If you don't, we'll wander on to look into other booths at Vanity Fair."

The fickle crowd will follow you only so long as you hold its attention. Mrs. Dick might boast to her mother-in-law that she played as she pleased, but it would not have pleased her to play to empty houses. She flung her gibes and witticisms freely, but she knew that she must control even while she intimidated, and not fail to amuse the very people at whose expense she believed herself to be diverted.

And truly this same process of diverting herself was a hard one, and seemed, to the dispassionate observer, to entail more exertion than goes to the making of many an honest fortune. To be always a little more extraordinarily well dressed, housed and served than your friends; always a little sharper tongued than your enemies; to sustain a reputation for cleverness and originality—at the sword's point, so to speak; to be always on the alert, always in high spirits, always strung to concert pitch—there is apt to be a strain about all this when one has done it for years and years, and the strain was beginning to tell upon Mrs. Dick.

Her black hair had not begun to show any streaks of gray in spite of her forty-two or three years, but her eyes had dark shadows under them, and her face looked haggard in spite of—or perhaps because of—the touch of rouge she wore. Her figure was perfect, neither too fat nor too thin, and of a height to carry off well the remarkable costumes in which she delighted. She dressed with the most sumptuous bad taste, and loved a brilliant color, or a startling contrast—almost anything, in fact, which attracted attention, however inappropriate to the occasion.

She was recklessly extravagant in the gratification of her own fancies, charitable or whimsical, and would superintend the building of a marble mausoleum for a pet dog, or the sending of the clergyman's family on an entirely unadvisable trip to Europe, with the same amount of vehement interest.

She herself always went to Paris and London in the early spring, protesting that she could not understand what the people who stayed at home during that season found to do with themselves. At first she had been used to take either her big, good-natured husband or her demure little daughter with her, but as the one moped dismally when deprived of his club and his business, and the other wore herself to a shadow in indefatigable sight-seeing, Mrs. Dick soon found it more expedient to leave them at home. *She* never wearied herself by tramping through dreary old churches or tiresome galleries. She did not care who had been crowned or buried in which places, or what artist had painted this or that picture. She went abroad to be amused (and, incidentally, of course, to buy clothes for herself and her indifferent child), and as she found a good many of her friends, male and female, abroad at the same time and equally bent upon amusement, they used to meet daily and nightly and flutter together from restaurant to restaurant and from theatre to theatre as brilliant and noisy as a flock of parrots.

The late spring usually found them all flying home again to their country places on

"'You might be raided by the police.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Hudson, or in Westchester, or Long Island, or Tuxedo, according to their various tastes, to entertain what the English have taught us to call "Week End Parties," till the time came to betake themselves to Newport, Mt. Desert, or the Adirondacks. There they stayed till chill breezes blew them back to their autumn houses, and so, in due course, home to the tall towers of New York again.

"'If you were not absurd you'd be insulting.'"

Mrs. Dazzledick had a house in town, built after, and furnished more or less out of, an old French chateau; an Elizabethan manor in the country, whose smug red-brick walls could have told tales of countless "revelries by night"; and a "villa" at Newport which looked not unlike the wing of a public library set down suddenly on an insufficient grant of land.

She declared that a woman should impress her individuality upon every place she lived in, and if tearing out the inside of the palaces and chateaux of the Old World, to cram them pell-mell into the interior of the New, were any proof of individual taste, she had certainly shown hers to the best of her ability. But what she said and did was said and done with assurance, and people listened and looked and called her "brilliant" and "original." She "entertained brilliantly" (to quote the newspapers) in all her houses. She had had every kind of known singer, from the greatest living tenor to the blackest nigger-minstrel; she had had theatrical people and jugglers, ventriloquists, mesmerists, Punch and Judy shows; she had given every sort of dinner and ball that could be given—masked balls and fancy balls of every description, elaborated to a point of almost fabulous expense—and now what was to be done? The winter season was nearly over. What with trips to Palm Beach and various parts of the sunny South the time had slipped by, and here she was, with the eyes of all turned upon her and not the ghost of an idea how to live up to her reputation.

"Not that I care a—continental," she said to herself as she jumped up and walked to the window, "but one must do something not to die of dulness."

The drawing-room windows overlooked the front door, and it so happened that a tall young gentleman with eye-glasses, curly light hair, and broad shoulders was at that very moment parting with Miss Hester Bright at the foot of the steps, having evidently escorted her home from some mutual expedition.

"It's strange how much that looks like a *man*," thought Mrs. Dick, "and yet I know it's only a *brother*—a professor, or a clergyman, or possibly a captain in the Salvation Army, and that they've just returned from

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the study of Sanscrit, or the reclaiming of evil-doers! I wonder if it's pleasant, reclaiming evil-doers? Well, I shall send for a young man myself." And she rang the bell and gave orders that a telephone message should be sent to Mr. Halton Dare, asking him to call upon her, without fail, late that afternoon.

Mr. Halton Dare was a person of infinite resources in all finite matters, especially those of social importance, and Mrs. Dick had relied upon his judgment for years—ever since, in fact, he had first burst upon New York as the star of all cotillion leaders.

He was good-looking, witty, agreeable, impudent, an excellent dancer, a wide liker, an abrupt lover and a clever man of business.

He could sit up the whole night and work the next day with unabated vigor; he seemed to radiate good health and a certain hard brightness—a light-without-heat, like electricity.

"What can I do this time?" said Mrs. Dazzledick confidentially to him when he appeared in answer to her summons. "Not that I expect to follow your advice, but it may give me ideas. I've about exhausted my own. Don't tell me it's old age, or I'll smite you to the earth and trample upon your mangled corpse."

"I'm not going to tell you anything," declared Mr. Dare. "Not even that you are looking well, for I don't think you are."

"I *am* looking well," said Mrs. Dick. "I have on my most expensive tea-gown. If I'm too pale it's my maid's fault."

"It's hard work keeping up with the game," observed Mr. Dare.

"I'm ahead of it," returned his hostess. "Don't be insulting. I'd like to know who is a 'Social Queen' and a 'Society Leader' if I'm not? There isn't a day that I don't see myself described as such by those abominable papers. Poor Dick! He used to imagine that he was a distinguished man—just because he argued dull cases brilliantly and was spoken of as a celebrated lawyer—and he thought I shone with reflected glory! Now I tell him his chief distinction is that he belongs to *me*—the 'best-groomed,' 'best-gowned,' 'best-looking' (for my age) and 'most eccentric' and 'extravagant' woman in America, and *he* shines with reflected glory. He's so old-fashioned. I suppose if you asked him what Fame was, he'd say 'the praise good men accord to a great deed' or some pompous platitude like that, whereas we know that 'Fame is what the newspapers find to say about one.' I give them plenty to say, it appears, so I'm famous. It doesn't in the least matter what it's all about. When I can't think of anything else I mean to dye my hair blue—it's almost the only unappropriated color—and I'll bet you I'd be better known all over the country in a week than Dick, if he won any amount of creditable cases. And now," said Mrs. Dick, who had talked herself to a standstill, "what am I to give these people to wonder about next?"

Mr. Dare shrugged his shoulders. "I'm hanged if I know," he answered, noncommitally, "unless you elope with me, or turn Wakemhurst into a nunnery."

"Wakemhurst" was the name of Mrs. Dick's country place.

"With myself as Abbess and you as Father Confessor, I suppose," said that lady, with her sudden crackle of laughter. "I'm afraid my husband wouldn't care about either of those suggestions. He's very particular about the company I keep—especially when I'm doing things he doesn't approve of. You aren't much good as an advisory committee, are you? Let me see. I *might* give a masked ball with everybody dressed like monks and nuns, and private rooms for supper, and little red imps to wait—but I have given so many domino parties!—I might have a circus in the riding-school at Wakemhurst, but there's not much novelty in an amateur circus. It's been done once or twice, and everybody knows about if for weeks ahead. I might turn this house into a kind of Monte Carlo—roulette, rouge-et-noir, gambling of all kinds in the small rooms, and a theatrical performance on a little stage in the ball room——"

"You might be raided by the police," remarked Mr. Dare.

"You are so discouraging," returned Mrs. Dazzledick, threatening his immaculate costume with the tea-pot. "I'm sorry I consulted you. You're about as much use in this emergency as a stuffed figure. A wax-work from the Eden Musee—oh—I have it. I knew you'd give me an idea. That's what I'll have. A dime-museum party. Freaks, wax works, a chamber of horrors—I've only got to shut the door on some of my guests to create *that* at once," cried Mrs. Dick, breaking off suddenly with the hospitable smile of the wolf as he welcomed Little Red Riding-hood; "and an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

automaton to play chess, and music and a ballet in the ball-room. Don't tell a soul, as you value your life, and though you haven't been brilliant about the original conception, at least I know you'll help me about the minor arrangements."

There was a great buzzing of bees in the social hive when Mrs. Dick allowed it to be noised abroad that she was going to give a party. She permitted the date of the entertainment to leak out, but the details she kept to herself.

People asked each other what it was going to be this time, and bosom friends wagged their heads knowingly and hinted that something very much out of the common was to be expected; but as they omitted any more confidential statement it was generally surmised that they were as much in the dark as the rest of the world. Then it began to be a question of invitations. Mrs. Dick sent them out gradually, so that those who had them might spread the news among those who longed for them. She declared it was going to be very small and select, and those who were asked first were grateful, and those who were asked later, appeased, and those who were not bidden at all, said, sourly, that it was strange how snobbish that woman had become; there had been a time when she was glad enough to go to *their* parties.

Mrs. Dick heeded them not at all, but went on with her preparations. Mr. Dick groaned and said he thought he'd take a room at the club till the time of this tyranny were over-past; which was hardly just, for his wife was far too wise a woman and capable a manager to let him or his house be at all disturbed till the very last minute. What he really minded was the constant presence of Mr. Dare, whom he ardently disliked.

Hester paid little or no attention to the coming festivities and pursued her ordinary occupations as usual. She told a friend that she felt years older than her mother, and did not see how, when one had had to face the serious things of life, one could amuse one's self with the frivolous; and her mother, overhearing, broke into the usual noisy laughter, and begged her to send an invitation to the broad-shouldered young gentleman with the eye-glasses (who turned out to be the philanthropist son of a wily old Judge, a friend of Dick's) and see what he had to say about it.

So time went on and the evening of the great event arrived.

People were, for once, so eager to arrive early, lest it should be an entertainment demanding the possession of good seats, that by a quarter to eleven the line of carriages extended two blocks down Fifth Avenue.

A crowd of onlookers pressed eagerly forward at each side of the awning, gaping and gazing at the gay figures who flitted up the shallow steps so quickly, and were shut in behind the great, curtained glass-and-iron-work doors.

Mrs. Dazzledick had really done it very well.

On the left, just inside the vestibule, as one went in, was a tiny box-office, where a supercilious gentleman with a drawl set forth the glories to be seen inside, and dispensed tickets with a languid air. About the halls and staircases the real footmen stood so rigidly that it was difficult to tell them from the best artificial. A sudden turning (leading in everyday life to the billiard room) announced itself as the way to the Chamber of Horrors, and the awful groups collected there in the semi-darkness amply justified the length of time which the younger and more timid ladies gave to the examination of them. Every man knows that women and horses must be gradually, but firmly, accustomed to an awe-inspiring object, and no man worthy of the name would shirk the duty of guiding, administering and encouraging them, no matter how long it might take. In the hall the great chess automaton held high carnival under a red pavilion; an automatic banjo in a glass case played in one corner, and an automatic fortune-telling machine shot out paper prophecies in another. One small room contained a platform set with assorted freaks—the Wild Man from Borneo, the Tattooed Gentleman, the Bearded Lady, the Fat Woman, and Jojo, the Dog-Faced Boy. There were Japanese jugglers in another, and a giant keeping guard over two wrestling dwarfs in a third. Groups of bewilderingly life-like wax-works were scattered here and there to confuse the eyes of the guests, who wandered about by twos and threes from place to place, exclaiming, examining and exchanging laughing remarks. The whole scene was like a kaleidoscope of moving, glittering colors.

By and by everybody became aware that something was going on in the ball-room and there was a general rush in that direction. Here a most charming little theatre of lattice-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

work and vines had been erected, and after people had settled themselves to their content—or discontent, as the case might be—the orchestra broke into the tripping ballet music from Sylvia and a company of dancers (hired, it was whispered, with the greatest possible difficulty and expense from a European theatre of renown), swayed to that graceful pastorale amid the delighted applause of the audience. Supper was announced as the performance ended, and while this was being served at the countless little tables in the dining-room, the ballroom floor was cleared for the cotillion, which, lead by Mr. Dare dancing with Mrs. Dazzledick, lasted till the small hours of the morning. Indeed, it was four o'clock when the last carriage full of jingling, rustling, dishevelled guests departed. The favors had been magnificent and very plentiful. Everybody appeared satisfied—and exceedingly sleepy.

In one corner of the now deserted ballroom sat Miss Hester and the broad-shouldered young man. He had said everything he could think of that evening, short of proposing to her, and, that being the one thing he wanted to do, no words would come. She sat and looked at the floor, waiting; he sat and looked at her, as powerless for the moment as she was to break the delicious spell of silence and feeling.

Mrs. Dazzledick sat in a corner of the little stage box with Mr. Dare and watched them both. Dare was talking to her earnestly, abruptly. Mr. Dick, from the wings, looked on and frowned a little. He was just about to speak when she turned suddenly upon her companion.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "I'm years older than you are, and—I'm not that kind of a woman! If you were not absurd you'd be insulting. I dare say you've had more champagne than is good for you, or you'd never make love to me in front of this——" and she waved her hand toward her daughter. "Go home. The real thing is in this room, and the false has no place here. Don't make a scene, but just go. I'm tired of you—of the world—of everything to-night. It's all so little worth the trouble, and yet—by to-morrow I shall want to be Queen of Vanity Fair again and shall look with interest at the papers to see what they find to say about the party. Oh, dear me! Squirrels in a treadmill cage we are, and we have worked it so long that when we stop we think the world must stop, too. Good night. It's been a great success, I think, has Mrs. Dazzledick's 'At Home.'"

SOME GOLF TERMS.

Defined and Designed by A. B. Frost.

"A halved hole."

"A good follow through."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HOW ROOSEVELT BECAME PRESIDENT.

By David Graham Phillips.

A FEW days before the Spanish war began two influential New York Republican politicians were discussing New York politics in the Arlington Hotel in Washington.

It was a melancholy subject, for the Republican chances for the fall campaign were exceedingly slim. The free-silver craze had swept New York into the Republican column in 1896 by a stupendous majority and elected Frank Black Governor by 213,000 plurality. This victory and the Democratic demoralization had been too much for the self-restraint of the machine. Governor Black began to blunder as soon as he began to administer; Boss Platt had mistaken the triumph for a personal tribute to him and his machine, and had thought he could do as he pleased for a long time with no danger of defeat—it would take a tremendous upheaval to change that huge plurality into a minority. And when the signal defeat of 1897—a Democratic plurality of 60,000—had warned Platt and Black and Quigg and the others that politics in New York State was still a gamble and not a "cinch," out came the canal scandals of great sums of the people's money shamefully stolen and wasted by Republican leaders and heelers. And this scandal came in the worst possible form—an official report with all the specifications of rascality and an estimate of the public losses of at least $3,000,000.

To renominate Black meant disaster—disaster cataclysmic. Not to renominate him meant confession. The two politicians in the Arlington were discussing how defeat might be tempered, or possibly averted—though there was hardly a hope of that. The younger said:

"If this war really comes and if Teddy's Rough Riders go and if he comes back a hero, he might save us."

"I've been thinking of that," replied the elder. "Only one thing can save us, and that is a hero from this war. It'll be a short war—and Teddy has luck. If he comes back the 'old man' may consent to nominate him."

He did come back—and came a "hero." And Boss Platt was still as desperately off for an issue and candidate as in the spring. But he hesitated at Roosevelt. They had never been political friends, Roosevelt having always consorted with Platt's foes in his own party, a helpless but very talkative New York City group. However, Platt withdrew his opposition to Roosevelt getting the assistant-secretaryship of the Navy, and Roosevelt, appreciating that Platt could have thwarted his ambitions, called on him and thanked him for it; and they had been rather friendly ever since.

Why did Platt accept him as the candidate for Governor?

There are four main probabilities—first, because Platt was determined to punish Black for many acts of insubordination, and had no other instrument than Roosevelt; second, because both Mr. Whitney and Mr. Morgan, two great influential corporate "campaign contributors," liked Roosevelt—Morgan at that time especially admired him for his energy and personal bravery; third, Platt thought there was only a ghost of another chance to win and therefore small danger of a mutinous Republican Governor at Albany to dispute his will and weaken his boss-ship; fourth, Roosevelt called on Platt at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and they had a long private talk from which Platt emerged as cheerful as a cat in the cozy corner of a hearth.

THE ROUGH RIDER CAMPAIGN.

Roosevelt had not had the nomination many weeks before he saw that he was beaten, saw that his only hope lay in breaking the policy of silence as to Republican rascalities which had been enjoined upon him and in appealing straight to the people. He was not the man to reject a course that was so thoroughly in accord with his nature, especially when rejecting it meant flinging away the chance to rise—that chance he had been so long waiting for, had earned so hardly in the Cuban campaign. Accordingly he "cut loose" and, with a few Rough Riders to remind the people ocularly of his "entitles," rushed through the State, declar-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing from the rear platform of his car at every stop that he would punish the canal thieves, *if* there were any canal thieves. He was too good a party man to omit that "if."

But Roosevelt's war honors and established reputation for honesty and courage would not have saved him from the people, determined to rebuke his party, had it not been for Croker.

A boss—relying, as he always does, not upon the people but wholly upon his "campaign contributors"—is rarely a good judge of public sentiment. He philosophically goes in on the other fellow's mistakes, fulfils his contracts with his "campaign contributors," cynically takes his kicking-out, and holds his gang together for the next opportunity to win on the rival boss' misdeeds. Croker is no exception; and in State politics he is as much out of place as John L. Sullivan would be as a professor in a war college. Croker nominated his Mayor's brother for Governor—a ludicrous stupidity. But, so strongly was the tide against the Republicans, that even that would not have elected Roosevelt. Then Croker blundered blindly on to make a savage, coarse and impudent attack upon the independence of the judiciary, by refusing a renomination to a New York County Judge because that Judge had refused to be his abject servant. And this stupidity of boss-arrogance, committed where Roosevelt had been weakest, resulted in the flight of the anti-Platt, Roosevelt-disliking independents in New York City from the Democratic to the Republican camp.

Roosevelt was elected by 17,000 plurality. Governor Black's plurality two years before was 212,000, Governor Odell's plurality two years later—with Mr. Bryan running for President again—was 111,000.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MIRAGE AT ALBANY.

The principal object in the political landscape which smiles upon the windows of the Governor's Room in the Capitol at Albany has for many years been the White House. Republican Governors of New York lean and look as longingly at it as do Democratic Governors, but they look less hopefully. They know that in the eleven presidential elections since its rise the Republican party has presented only one candidate from east of the Alleghanies—Mr. Blaine of Maine, defeated in 1884. And they know that there is a reason why the Republican party prefers to cut presidential timber in the great Middle West. Still, the vision fascinates, and politics is full of perversities.

When, on January 1, 1899, Governor Roosevelt beheld this view, he must have sighed. For him it must have seemed an infinitely remote prospect. Mr. McKinley was in the middle of his first term, would expect, would unquestionably get, a renomination. Even assuming that Roosevelt would be renominated and re-elected in 1900, his second term would expire in 1902—how could he hope for a third term to carry him to another presidential convention as the popular leader of the party in the first and most uncertain of States? It is said that his ambition was to serve two terms as Governor, then to get the governor-generalship of the Philippines, and by successes there make himself a potentiality in 1904.

But he had not long been in office before he seemed politically to have damned and double-damned himself.

His was an unfortunate position for a Republican public man. It was necessary to his future that he keep on good terms with the party boss and the party machine, because there is no profit in revolt against Republican machines. Yet the machine and the boss had accepted him reluctantly, were watching eagerly for the first sign of ordinary independence to begin the patient, silent, sure work of undoing him. His reputation called for fearless, even rash self-assertiveness; his future called for conciliation of boss and machine. He—without inconsistency, for it must not be forgotten that he never professed to be an independent—did try to make Boss and machine like him. Platt is said to have remarked not long ago:

"It wasn't that Roosevelt wouldn't do what we wanted. It was the things he did that we didn't want."

And this is a large part of the truth.

THE STATE CONSTABULARY FIGHT.

He committed only one grave sin of refusal. Platt, who hates New York City as a desperately wicked and incorrigible Democratic nest, believed that the Republicans would never have a fair count of their votes there or a fair chance to build up an organization there until they got control of the police—Tammany's mighty instrument of many-sided corruption. He demanded

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that Roosevelt sign the bill which the Boss in Legislature assembled would pass, placing the police of New York under State control. But Roosevelt believed that, whatever political and even moral expediency might say for such a measure, it would be a gross violation of the principle of home rule, a singling out and punishing of one city that would inevitably react. He refused to sign any such bill.

"Make it general," he said; "make it apply to all cities of the State, Republican as well as Democratic, and I'll sign it. But I'll never sign it as special legislation against New York City alone." And he shut his teeth together with a snap, and showed them.

But Platt dared not "make it general"—that would have meant taking the police away from the Republican rings of all the many Republican cities of the State, and that would have meant Platt smashed under the ruins of his own machine. He sent Odell, then his chief lieutenant and indicator of the imperial will to the Legislature, to Roosevelt to make the final, formal, awful demand of "the organization."

"Governor," said Odell, "as Chairman of the Republican State Committee, I ask you to sign the bill."

"Would you sign it, Ben, if you were in my place?" asked Roosevelt, who knew that there was much difference of opinion among Platt's lieutenants as to the wisdom of the measure.

"I'm asking you to sign it in my official capacity," replied "Ben," evasively.

"If you were Governor would you sign it, Ben?" persisted Roosevelt.

"No," replied "Ben," "but as Chairman of the Republican Committee I'm bound to ask you to sign it."

"Do you advise me to sign it?"

"Yes—as Chairman."

"But as my friend, Ben Odell?"

"As Ben Odell," replied he, with a twinkle in his eyes, "well—no!"

Roosevelt laughed—he is one of the few men who have attained manhood's years and responsibilities and still retain the power really to laugh. "I'll not sign it, Ben," he said—and he didn't.

And, by the way, Odell's first clash with the Boss when he himself became Governor was over this same measure, when he took the course he had in an unofficial capacity advised Roosevelt to take.

CORPORATION SACRILEGE.

But, as counsel was divided on the wisdom of the police bill, Governor Roosevelt might have been forgiven by the Boss for that offense, serious though it was, had it not been for two other sins—not mere sins of disobedience, but sins of sacrilege against the sacred "campaign contributors."

There came up what is known as the Ford Franchise law, a measure to tax the big corporations on their franchises. Now, the attitude of a franchise-using corporation toward the franchise that is its principal, its vital asset, is that the public which gave it the franchise ought to be grateful to the corporation for taking it, and that any laws dealing with franchises as public property are at best blackmailing laws, at the worst confiscatory, revolutionary, socialistic, anarchistic. The Ford proposal to tax franchises was regarded by the corporations as the very extreme of wickedness.

Roosevelt was at first lukewarm on the subject of taxing franchises, and the big corporations, which are to the Boss what its mother is to an unweaned child, and are to the machine what the arteries are to the body, supposed that Roosevelt was heeding counsels of discretion. Fancy their consternation, their panic, their horror, their fury when he came out for the bill—not only advocated it but led in the popular demand, not only led in the demand but upset the plans of Boss and machine for doing it to death in a dark place at a quiet hour, and rushed on like a Rough Rider to force it upon the statute books where it now is, safe from repeal.

The other sin of sacrilege was his "anti-trust" message to the Legislature. True, it was for the most part in praise of corporations and combinations and in strong denunciation of the attacks upon them. But it dared to say that there were evils in need of remedy, dared to advocate publicity of corporation accounts. Corporation lawyers had put forward the same ideas, corporations were adopting them; but, as the whole world knows, an idea takes character from its source, and to the "campaign contributors" Roosevelt ideas on corporations could only encourage anarchy, like Bryan ideas or Debs ideas.

While Roosevelt was thus undoing himself with machine and Boss and their high god, the Campaign Contributor, he was not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

making himself strong with the people—his one hope of saving himself.

When he did oppose the Boss, it was only after long hesitation and appearance of uncertainty that destroyed the popular effect of his final decision. Also he was most of the time openly friendly with the Boss and obliging to the machine, thus reminding independents constantly that he was a worshiper of the fetish of "regularity." Also no canal thieves had been punished; and, while the explanation seemed satisfactory, it was long and technical, and so the jeer of the Democrats was hard to answer in a few words. Also there were several unpleasant administration scandals, notably those in the State Banking Department, which caused the Governor to be accused of shielding his personal friends; and these accusations, not vigorously met, did Roosevelt harm where they would not have injured a public man of less energetic moral pretensions. Also, though there were trusts a-plenty, his judicial department was slothful, where it was not sleepy, and he himself talked far more fiercely than he acted.

Altogether, it looked in the spring of 1900 as if the Boss would be able to end Roosevelt's political career by denying him a renomination, could nominate another man without rousing any great indignation in the State, and could elect him on the strength of a ticket which would be headed by the Republican candidate for President against Mr. Bryan. In an "off" year, the Boss might have been afraid; in a presidential year, in such a presidential year, Roosevelt and his wrongs would attract small public attention.

THE PROCESS OF "KICKING UPSTAIRS."

Mr. Roosevelt must have been very nervous. But Platt, who never was a cruel or mangling headsman—though none the less fatal for his dexterity—preferred to get rid of Roosevelt quietly. He plotted to "kick him upstairs" into the vice-presidency.

Now, to an ambitious young "presidential possibility" a nomination and election to the vice-presidency is what a bowstring is to a Turkish vizier. It means that he shall retire to the secluded, eminently respectable tomb of political careers and there at his leisure and without any public excitement whatsoever politically put himself to death. Martin Van Buren was the last Vice-President to be elevated to the presidency by election, and even in that instance the matter was unique—Jackson, the President and party leader, arbitrarily made Van Buren his political heir.

Did Roosevelt, feeling that Platt would in no circumstances renominate him for Governor, secretly take kindly to the idea of the vice-presidency, preferring its dangers to the greater dangers of being altogether out of public life? Or did he believe that he could force Platt to renominate him and so fight Platt's plot as honestly as—well, as Hanna and the National Administration fought it? Did he put on his Rough Rider hat in the summer of 1900 and go down to Philadelphia to the Republican National Convention to get or to fight against getting the vice-presidency?

On the way to the station to take the train for Philadelphia, Mr. Odell—now Governor, then the rapidly growing Republican vice-boss—rode in the carriage with him. He said to him for the seventy-times-seventh time:

"Theodore, I warn you that if you go you will be nominated."

And Roosevelt, for the seventy-times-seventh time replied:

"Ben, I tell you that if I don't go I shall be nominated. I must go to prevent it."

A GREAT QUESTION OF SINCERITY.

He went. He declared himself fiercely against his nomination. Western delegates, notably those from Kansas, shouted that he must take it; Platt and most of the New York delegates toiled and tunnelled to force it upon him. They created an overwhelming demand that he accept. Hanna, who regarded him as "erratic," as a "sort of bull moose," as highly dangerous to business and especially to the business which the National Republican machine was pledged to protect, and as offensive to the "campaign contributors," fought shoulder to shoulder with Roosevelt in endeavoring to prevent the nomination. In one of the caucuses of the New York delegation—and being a delegate, Governor Roosevelt had the right to attend them all and did attend, and so was in a position to prevent intriguing there—a delegate rose and attacked him:

"If," said this delegate, in very plain language, "the Governor is not here to get something, why has he come at all? Why has he come with a band? Why has he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

come in his Rough Rider hat? Why does he show himself everywhere, causing enthusiasm for him to burst out afresh whenever it threatens to die down?"

One answer to this was that he might have come in the vague hope that the sentiment against the Administration on account of beef scandals, imperialism, tariff exaction, etc., might, by some freak of fate, crystallize in a movement for a new presidential candidate. But this suggestion was rejected—the sting of the Presidential bee does destroy men's judgment, but it rarely dethrones reason altogether.

The only other answer was that he had come as quietly as it was possible for a man in his position to come, that the enthusiasm for him, while in part spontaneous, was in larger part the result of the Platt plot to "unload" him upon Hanna. And, taking all the testimony into judicial consideration, the verdict must be that Roosevelt went to Philadelphia honestly bent upon thwarting Platt's plot. Recently when there was a Federal Judge to be appointed in New York State, Roosevelt peremptorily refused to nominate to the Senate the candidate of the Republican machine, a man who as delegate to the National Convention of 1900 had acted upon the assumption that he really wanted the vice-presidency. "That man," said Roosevelt, "doubted my honor. I shall not appoint him." And he offered the place to one who had at Philadelphia assumed that he meant what he said; and, when the offer was declined, Mr. Roosevelt gave the place to another man who also had taken him at his word.

And so, smiling, Platt succeeded in shifting his "impossible Teddy" upon the angry Hanna, and was free to nominate his pet and protegé, Odell. It is the irony of fate that the saddest chapter in Platt's book—"The Sorrows of a Boss"—is entitled not "Roosevelt" but "Odell." It is the irony of fate that Platt's plot to make an end of "Teddy" resulted in making him twenty-sixth President of the United States.

To those who were behind the scenes in the tragic days at Buffalo, in September a year ago, not the least painful feature was the agonized faces of the commercial politicians and political men of commerce, betraying their terror of Roosevelt. They had regretted his nomination, but the event which made it disquieting to them seemed remote and improbable. They had grown used to the fact of the presence, so near the Administration, of a man whose ideas and policies were, in their opinion, the exact opposite of Mr. McKinley's and Mr. Hanna's. And now, in a flash, the whole situation was reversed and the (from their standpoint) most un-Republican Republican in the whole party was President, was in a position to punish their slights, to enforce the laws against them, to call for more laws and to intensify the restlessness in the rank and file of the party.

When the first shock had subsided, the war began which will have no let-up until the Republican National Convention of 1904 has made its nomination. Will Roosevelt win? Or will the "campaign contributors" and party leaders win?

THE FIGHT FOR THE NOMINATION IN 1904.

The first preliminary battle has just been fought—in last fall's campaign. In that campaign Mr. Roosevelt took part along one line—rebuke to corporate arrogance, concessions to popular irritation against trust and tariff exactions. The party leaders conducted it along the opposite line—the trusts, the tariff, everything is all right; "stand pat." The Republican leaders say that but for Roosevelt's encouragement to disaffection, but for his practically Democratic ideas, the victory would have been greater. Mr. Roosevelt's friends say that but for his speeches against trust evils, his interference in the anthracite coal strike, his hostility to commercialism in politics, the Republicans would have met a Waterloo. But—and this is significant—the Republican leaders who like Mr. Roosevelt least are admitting privately that it now seems impossible to prevent his nomination. Their only hope is that he will undo himself by promising too much that cannot be performed, and by promising too vaguely where the people wish specific promise and the beginning of performance.

On the tariff Mr. Roosevelt and the leaders are practically in accord—both fear to touch that fearful and wonderful patchwork of privileges to widely scattered and politically powerful interests. It is on the corporation question that the split, the hopeless split exists. Mr. Roosevelt resents—hotly, sincerely—corporate control of his party and his country. The party leaders regard this control as inevitable and as inseparable from prosperity. Mr. Roosevelt is playing Mr. Cleveland's game—appeal from "campaign

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

contributors" and machines and leaders and bosses direct to the people in the great corporation-controlled States. In addition to this he has put the famous and skilful Mr. Clarkson in office where he can look after those quaint Southern Republican delegates whose part in Republican national conventions is at once ludicrous and disgraceful; he has put the astute and experienced Wisconsin political manipulator, Henry C. Payne, into his Cabinet as Postmaster-General, a place from which the Republican national machine of Federal office-holders can be most conveniently supervised.

But after all, and no matter what Mr. Roosevelt may believe and hope, he is practically alone against the powerful forces that have long dominated the Republican party. And those forces have been building up their strength and their precision of action until their machinery is such a work of art as might be expected from the patient activity of many able political minds working for more than a generation.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

If Mr. Roosevelt were a Democrat and in his present position, it would be ideal. As he is not, it is highly dangerous. The leaders of his party understand the science of undermining a man whom they dare not attack. They will know how to seem to acquiesce in his plans as outlined in his speeches, how to bring those plans to naught and at the same time to throw the responsibility for failure upon him in the popular mind. They will know how to push forward and mak popular some rival, apparently as devoted to the public interest as he, in reality as "amenable to reason," as "safe" as would be the most faithful agent of corrupt corporate control that looks respectability and acts rascality from a high seat in the United States Senate.

But Mr. Roosevelt's opponents show a disposition to neglect the wise counsel of Machiavelli and to fall into the trap of underestimating an adversary.

Mr. Roosevelt invites underestimation because he conceals the prudence and common sense of his Dutch ancestry under a surface of haste and fire inherited probably through the maternal Southern line; and he also hides, or only by hint reveals, his thorough knowledge of practical politics, gained in twenty years of personal experience and in intimate friendship with such "practicals" as ex-Senator "Ed" Murphy of Troy and Senator "Matt" Quay of Pennsylvania. If his opponents will read with care the public paper in which he settled and settled finally and settled right the Schley controversy at its very worst stage, when even that profound master of political diplomacy, William McKinley, had utterly failed, they may get a clearer notion of the brain that is at work behind those gleaming glasses and those often impulsive utterances. Also they should not overlook Mr. Roosevelt's acute moral sense. That is the most valuable asset a politician can have because, while he may elect not to act upon its indications, it still prevents him from doing those baldly immoral acts which the people do not forget.

As for the hopes that Mr. Roosevelt will undo himself—true, he is always *doing*, and that means many and grave mistakes. But on the other hand, success usually rewards the incessant doer, if he have any judgment, because just as his fatal mistake yawns, and before it has had time to engulf him, he leaps on and is racing over the firm ground of some solid achievement.

Finally, those who long to trip Mr. Roosevelt or to see him trip would do well to look back over his course and note how often luck has kicked his obstacles aside and has kicked him forward. That great judge of men and affairs, Cardinal Mazarin, would not take any man into his service without getting a satisfactory answer to his invariable question: "But has the fellow luck?"

Luck cannot give a man wisdom or character; nor can it save its favorites from their own weakness and folly. But to a good, sturdy fighter it gives invulnerable armor, and to a good, sturdy traveller it gives seven-league boots.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print *practical* suggestions for women who wish to make money. An announcement regarding accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements in recent issues. The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department and to pay for accepted contributions.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. R. E. GRIFFITH, Wyalusing, Pa., announces that she will care for children under ten in a small home school. Mrs. Griffith has had wide experience, and will furnish satisfactory references.

Mrs. Alice Perkins, of Fowler, Indiana, sends in very cheerful and encouraging reports of having sold many aprons in her own and other towns. She is also knitting stockings, and men's socks will be a winter specialty.

Mrs. Oliver App writes of many difficulties to overcome in placing her aprons, but is still sanguine, and her business is slowly taking hold. Dixon, Ill.

Several women have expressed a desire to act as Funeral Directress. Any one desiring their services will confer a favor by communicating with the editor.

Miss Ruth Russell, of Winchester, Ill. (Box 484), writes of an opening in her town for a small Woman's Exchange. She writes that an unencumbered woman, with about $25 for necessary furniture, could live cheaply and build up a good business, as it has been successfully tried. Details and advice furnished on application to Miss Russell.

BEE-KEEPING.

I HAVE had an experience of ten or twelve years in bee-keeping and believe there is nothing that will pay as well for the labor and amount of money invested. Begin with one swarm, if you cannot get more, though three or four would be better. The cheapest way to start is to buy a colony in an old box hive, if you can find it, and put the swarms therefrom into movable frame hives filled with artificial comb. My sister and I bought ten swarms to begin with. I do not remember whether we were told to put a large dry-goods box over each to keep them warmer in winter, or whether that was our own idea; but we did it and the consequence was that all but three or four were dead in the spring. As the dead bees had left hives full of comb and honey, when the swarms came we were able to give each a grand "setting out," and they repaid us by going to work at once in the honey boxes. We had more than our original number of colonies in the fall, and thought the year a success after all. A very interesting study we found it, and by following the advice given by experienced bee-keepers, as well as the beautiful example of industry and economy kept before us by the bees, we increased our apiary to over one hundred swarms without buying more colonies, and had honey to sell by the ton.

In western New York not much care is required after the first of August until the following April. During the winter the honey boxes or sections can be made and the new hives for the next season's swarms be put together. The material can all be bought in the flat, and it is much cheaper than buying the boxes made up. Explicit directions cannot be given on many points, as the location, season and strength of the colonies vary, but I would allow at least two extra hives for swarms from each original colony. Bees will go five or six miles for honey, and I have known of their being successfully kept on the flat roof of a city grocery; but any location where clover, basswood or buckwheat can be had is good. Buckskin gloves, with sleeves sewed round wrists, with rubber cord in top, are necessary, as well as a veil and bee-smoker, when removing surplus honey or putting a new swarm into an empty hive. A boy's straw hat with netting sewed round the rim is good. It is best to be perfectly protected, as you can then work without fear or nervousness. But if stung, the pain is instantly removed by smearing the surface about the wound with honey, though this may not prevent swelling. I will answer questions for a time to the best of my ability if stamp is inclosed for reply.

"The A B C of Bee Culture" and "Gleanings in Bee Culture," both published by A. J. Root of Medina, Ohio, a manufacturer of beekeepers' supplies, are most helpful works.

Brocton, New York. MARY SIMONS.

RENOVATING SHADES.

THE following plan (which I have tried and know to be lucrative) may help some one in search of a suggestion.

Secure a room, large, light and clean, a tack hammer, a box of tiny tacks, a can of paint, a small brush—the cost of the outfit being less than a dollar. I should then go to my acquaintances, prior to their spring cleaning, and tell them that any and all shades, worn, creased, faded or soiled, I should like to renovate for them at so much per shade, according to the dimensions. Suppose my friend has some four or five ordinary light-toned shades which she wishes freshened up, changed in color and rendered "good as new." These I should carry to my workroom. My first act would be to carefully remove shade from roller and reverse it, putting the most worn end to the roller. I should then spread it out and dust thoroughly. In a can I should mix one pint of paint with two pints of turpentine—making a very thin paint—with which I should go over entire shade, keeping my brush strokes even and in one direction. I should apply this to both sides of the shade.

Shades which have been discarded I have often renewed in this manner. Should two-toned shades be desired two paints can be used successfully, though, of course, this must be more carefully done, as broken places in the shade are apt to allow the color to run through. "A WORKER."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN